

MODERN COMICS

OCTOBER
No. 78

10¢

BLACKHAWK

hunts the deadliest of
the species,

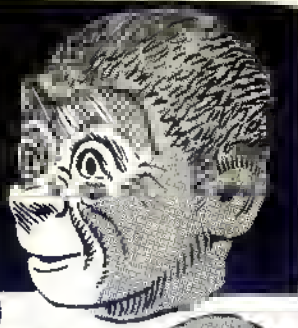
MADAME BUTTERFLY!



STILL 52 PAGES

The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". Many covers feature colorful illustrations of superheroes, cartoon characters, and action scenes. In the center of the collage, there is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a white outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The overall aesthetic is nostalgic and vibrant, reflecting the classic comic book era.

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS



IT PULLS ON
OVER THE
HEAD LIKE
A DIVER'S
HELMET



NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE

**COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR
YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE OASP
WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...**

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

BOY! WOULD
I HAVE FUN
WITH THAT
CLOWN FACE

YOU'RE
FUNNIER
WITH YOUR
OWN

THE MYSTERI-
OUS CLOWN
SURE HAS THE
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE
AND WHERE
DID HE GET
THAT MASK?



The Monkey
\$2.95

Satan
\$2.95

Old Man
\$2.95

Old Lady
\$2.95

**OTHER
SUBJECTS**

Beggar, \$2.95

Special
SANTA CLAUS, \$4.95

Clown
\$2.99

IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 53-M Chicago 31, Illinois
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

() Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
() Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME.....
STREET..... P.O. ZONE.....
CITY..... STATE.....

SEND NO MONEY!

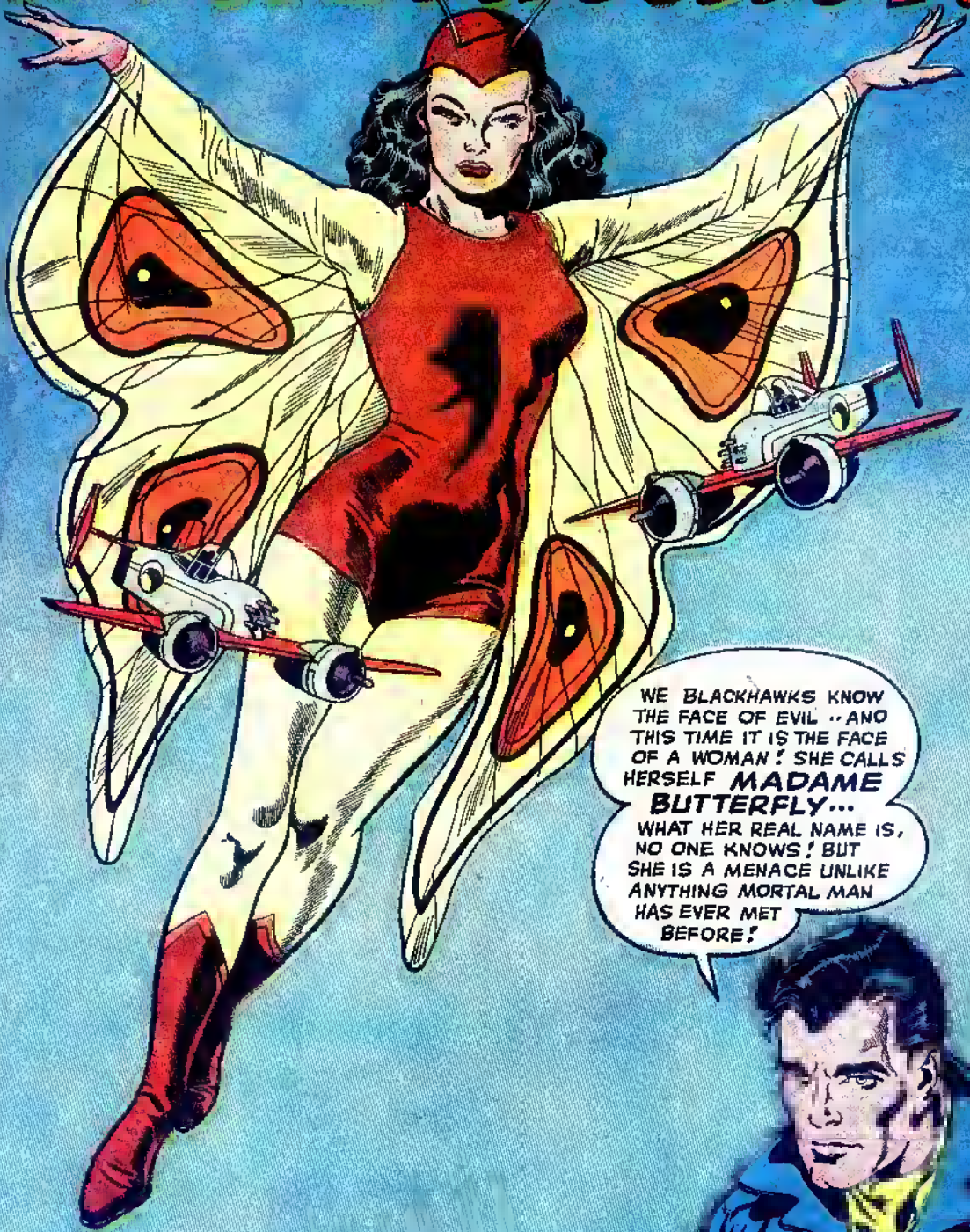
Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at \$2.95, except Santa Claus (\$4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C. O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.

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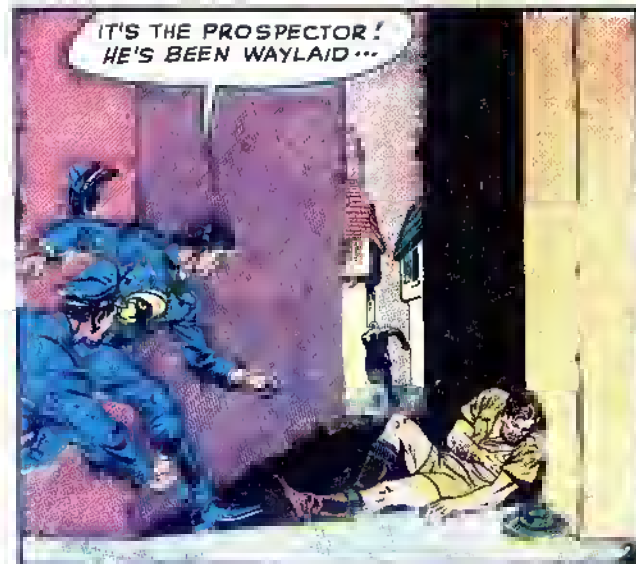
MODERN COMICS, October, 1948. No. 23 Published monthly by Comir Magazines, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, George E. Brenner, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.70 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.00. Foreign \$2.50. Entered as second-class matter April 28, 1941, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and contents pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 43rd Street, New York City. E. S. Marbury, Advertising Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1948 by Comir Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

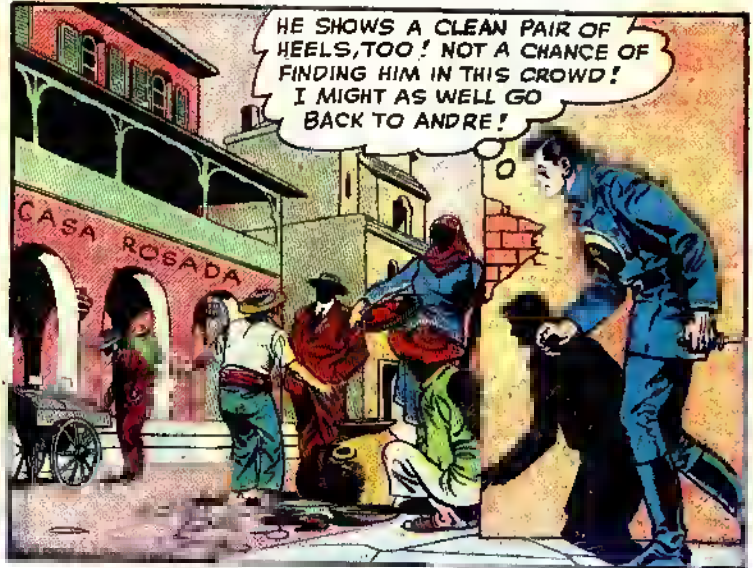
Blackhawk

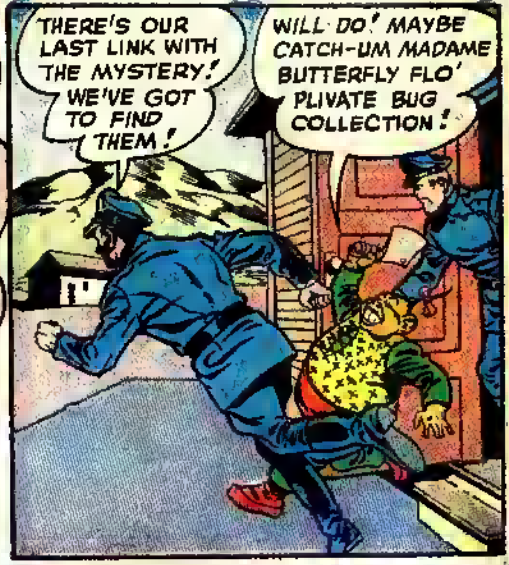
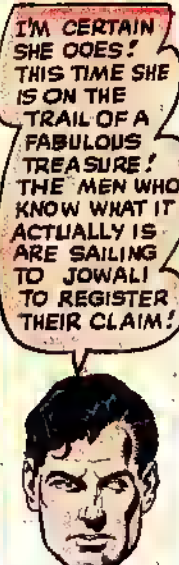


WE BLACKHAWKS KNOW
THE FACE OF EVIL .. AND
THIS TIME IT IS THE FACE
OF A WOMAN ! SHE CALLS
HERSELF **MADAME
BUTTERFLY...**

WHAT HER REAL NAME IS,
NO ONE KNOWS ! BUT
SHE IS A MENACE UNLIKE
ANYTHING MORTAL MAN
HAS EVER MET
BEFORE !

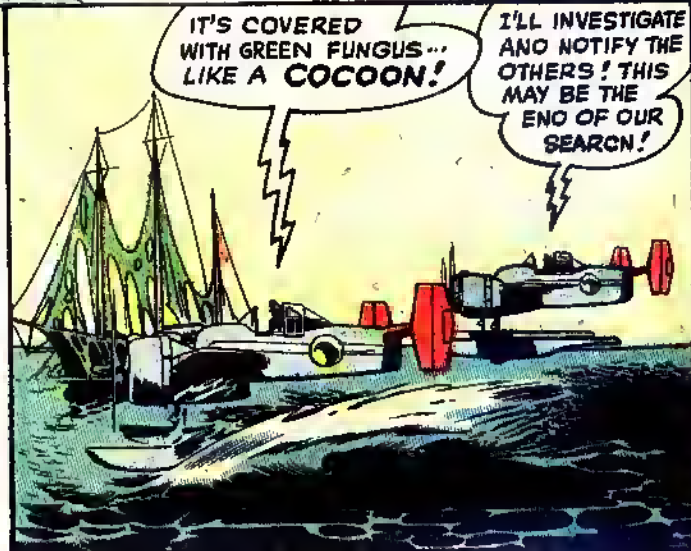
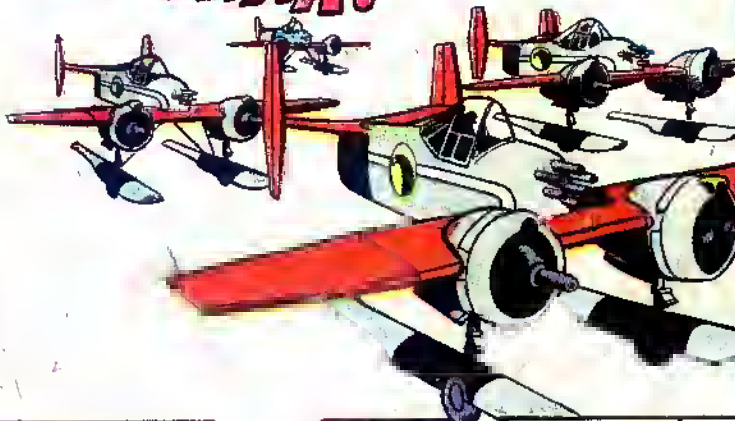


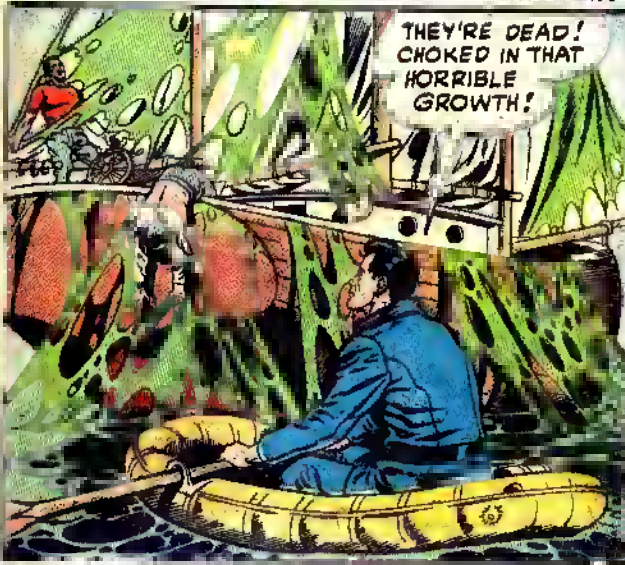




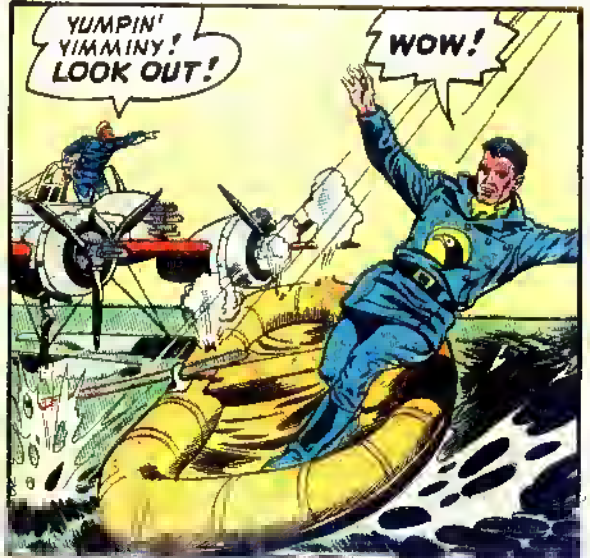
Once again the rallying cry of the BLACKHAWKS signals the start of a new adventure...

HAWKAAA!



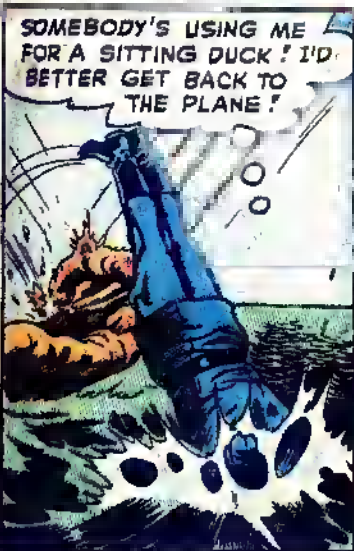


THEY'RE DEAD!
CHOKED IN THAT
HORRIBLE
GROWTH!

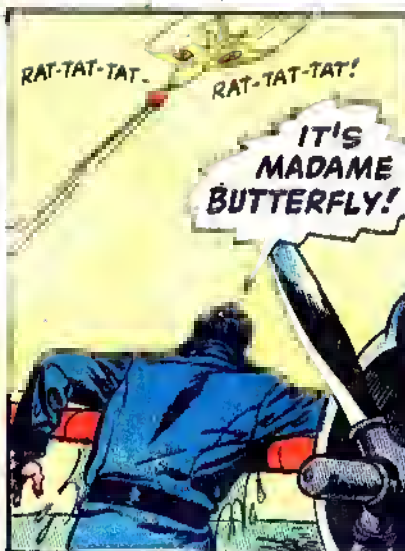


YUMPIN'
YIMMINY!
LOOK OUT!

WOW!



SOMEBODY'S USING ME
FOR A SITTING DUCK! I'D
BETTER GET BACK TO
THE PLANE!



RAT-TAT-TAT...

RAT-TAT-TAT!

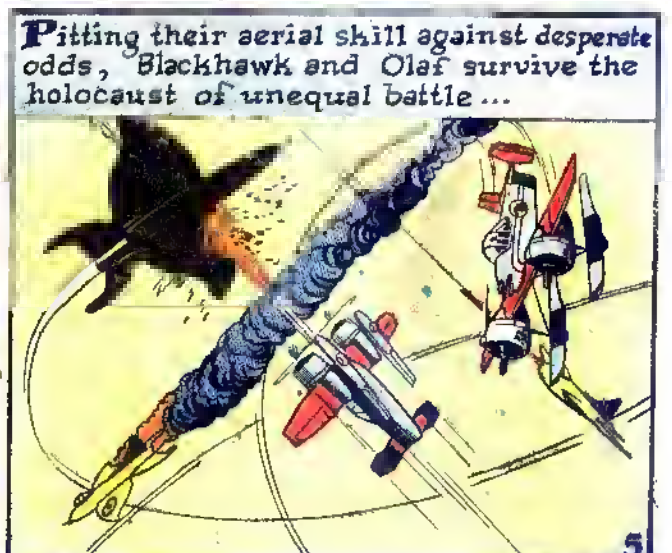
IT'S
MADAME
BUTTERFLY!



HE HAS THE LUCK OF THE
DEVIL! HE ESCAPED MY
GUNS!

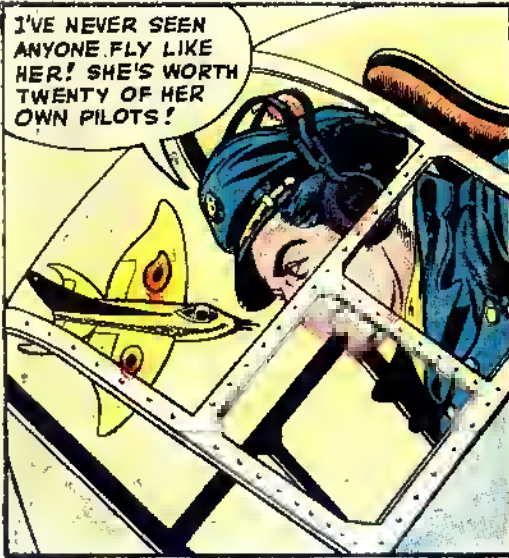


BUT NONE WILL ESCAPE
THE ATTACK OF MY
CATERPILLAR
LEGION!
DIVE!

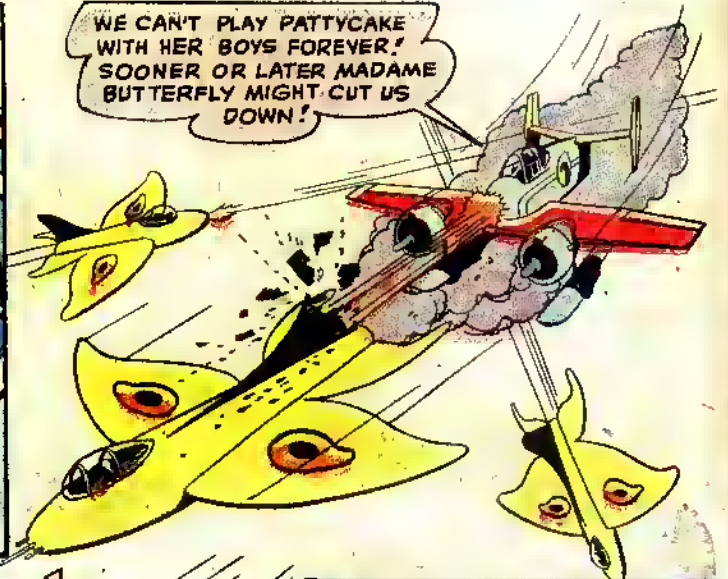


Pitting their aerial skill against desperate
odds, Blackhawk and Olaf survive the
holocaust of unequal battle...

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE FLY LIKE HER! SHE'S WORTH TWENTY OF HER OWN PILOTS!

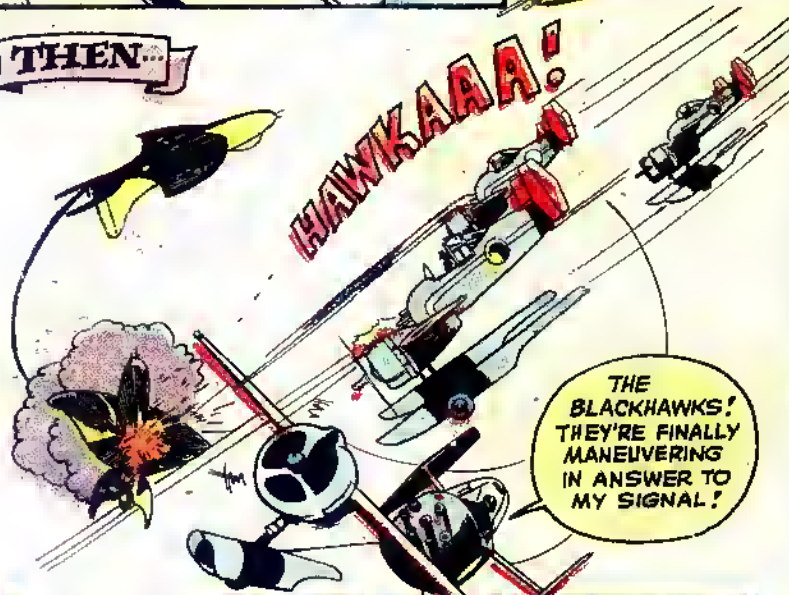


WE CAN'T PLAY PATTYCAKE WITH HER BOYS FOREVER! SOONER OR LATER MADAME BUTTERFLY MIGHT CUT US DOWN!



THEN...

HAWKAAA!



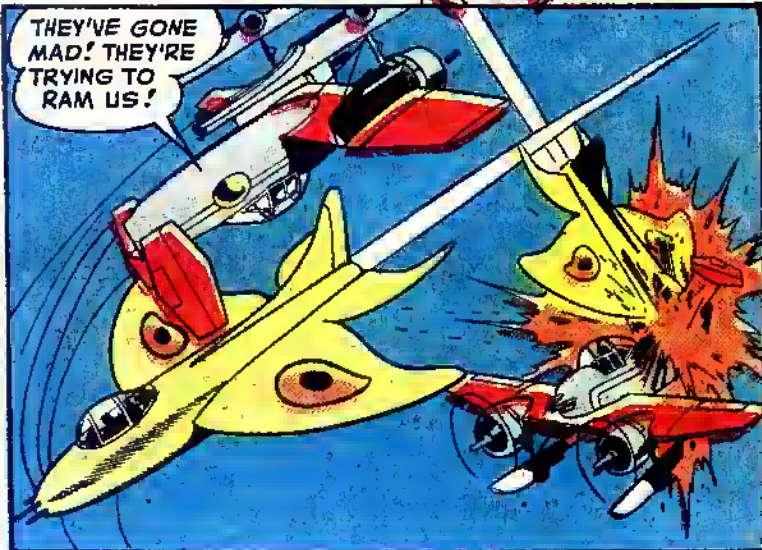
THE BLACKHAWKS! THEY'RE FINALLY MANEUVERING IN ANSWER TO MY SIGNAL!

MY CATERPILLAR LEGION IS NO MATCH FOR THE BLACK-HAWKS! THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE

CRASH THEM!



THEY'VE GONE MAD! THEY'RE TRYING TO RAM US!



CHUCK AND STANISLAUS ARE DOWN! TRY TO RESCUE THEM! I'M GOING AFTER MADAME BUTTERFLY AND HER FLYING CATERPILLARS ...

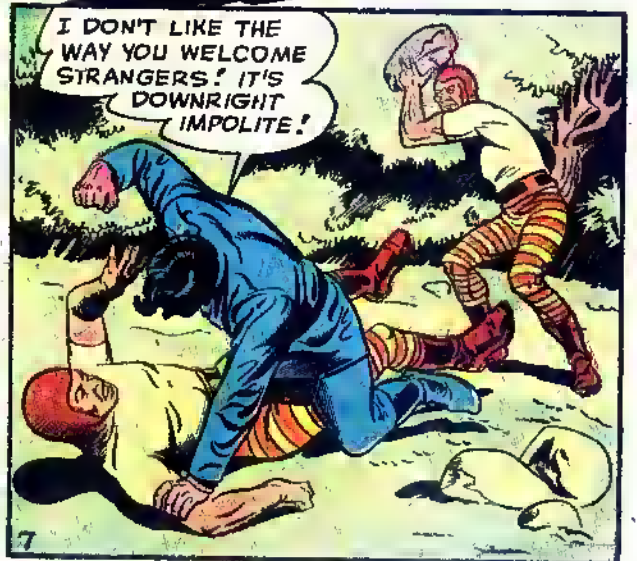
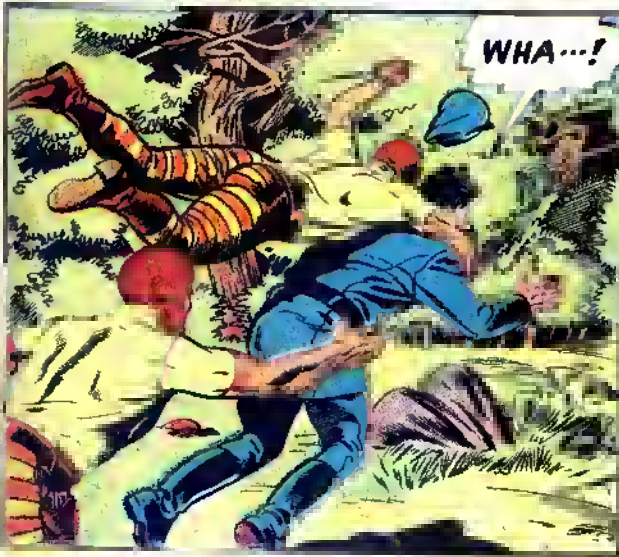
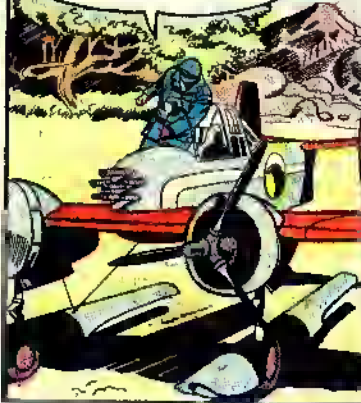
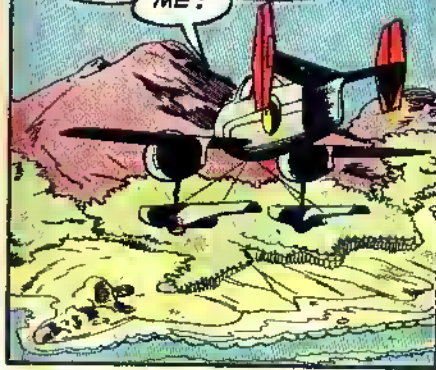


After a long pursuit...

THIS ISLAND APPEARS TO BE THEIR RENOVIOUS! I KEPT THE SUN AT MY BACK THE WHOLE WAY! APPARENTLY THEY HAVEN'T SEEN ME!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND! I FIXED THE TRANSMITTER TO SEND A STEADY CW SIGNAL ON THE BLACKHAWK WAVE LENGTH!

I THOUGHT I NOTICED SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT THE EARTH HERE...AND NO WONDER! THESE STONES ARE A VARIETY OF CORUNDUM...





There was blackness...then the first shimmering of light, and through pain-wracked eyes Blackhawk sees...

YOU ARE FEELING BETTER! GOOD! I FEARED MY SERVANT HAD CRACKED YOUR SKULL!

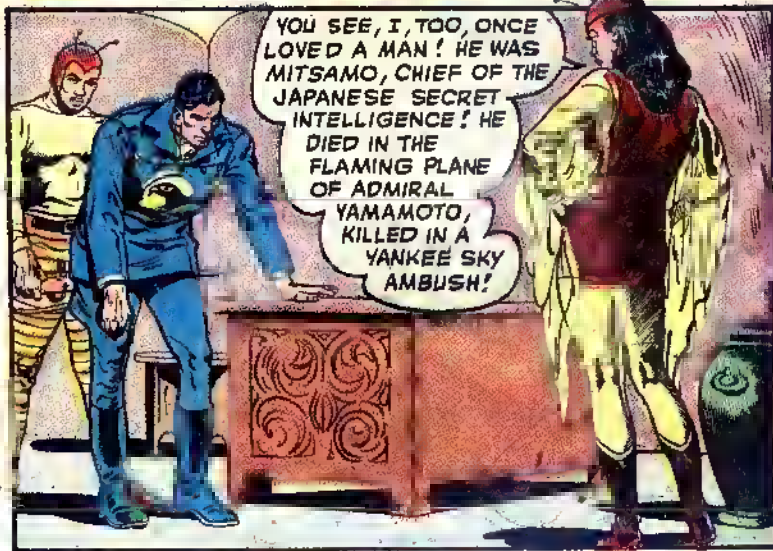


THAT WOULD BE ... UNFORTUNATE! ONE SO BRAVE AS BLACKHAWK SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO PERISH SO BASELY!

I IMAGINE YOU'VE DREAMED UP SOMETHING FAR MORE FITTING!



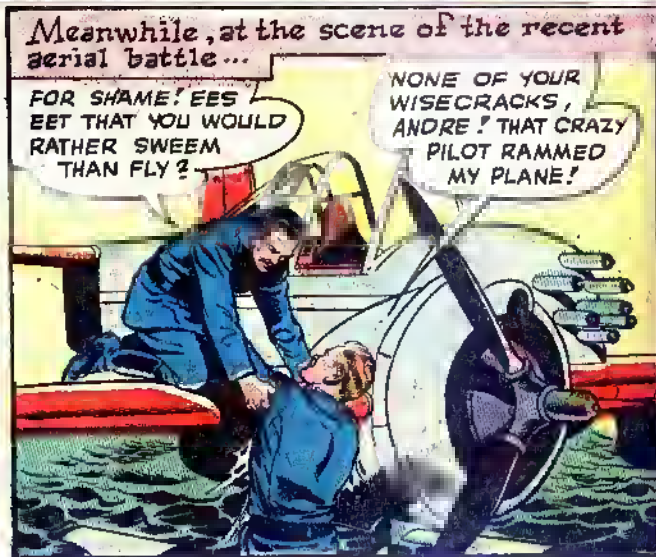
YOU ARE HANDSOME, BLACKHAWK! I AM ALMOST TEMPTED TO SPARE YOUR LIFE! BUT I HAVE SWORN THAT ALL WHITE DEVILS MUST DIE, AND I MUST KEEP MY VOW!



YOU SEE, I, TOO, ONCE LOVED A MAN! HE WAS MITSAMO, CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE SECRET INTELLIGENCE! HE DIED IN THE FLAMING PLANE OF ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO, KILLED IN A YANKEE SKY AMBUSH!



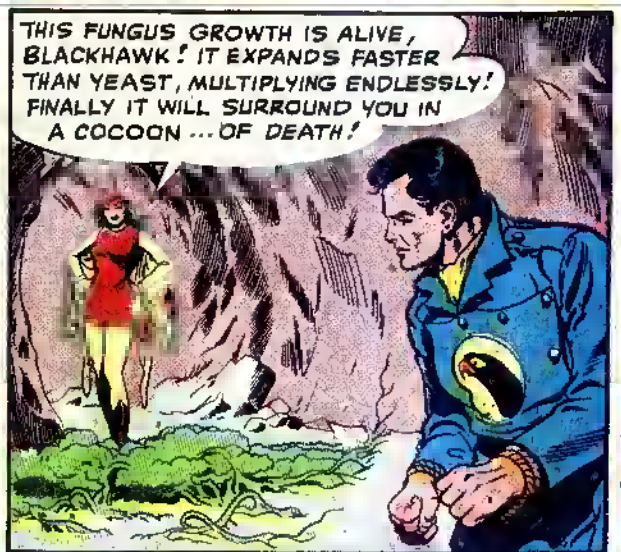
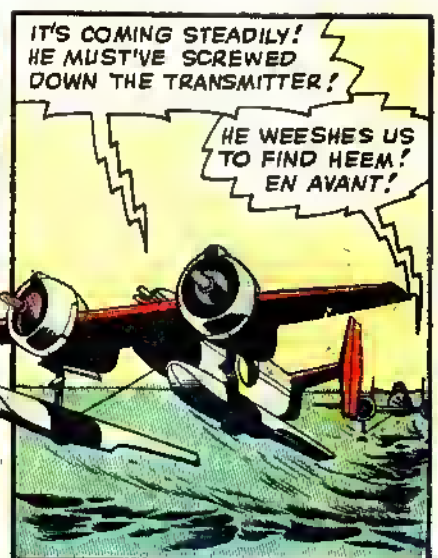
FOR HIS MURDER, ALL WHITE DEVILS SHALL PAY... WITH THEIR LIVES!

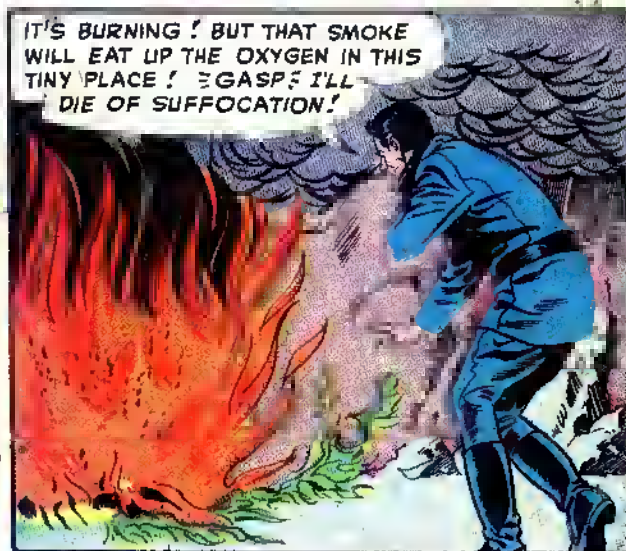


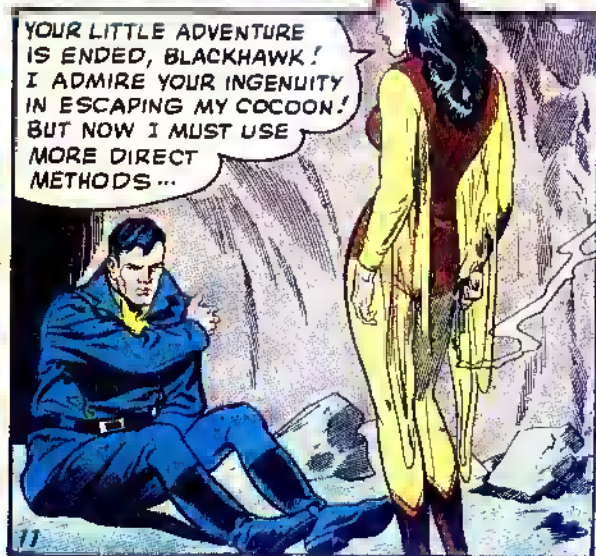
Meanwhile, at the scene of the recent aerial battle...

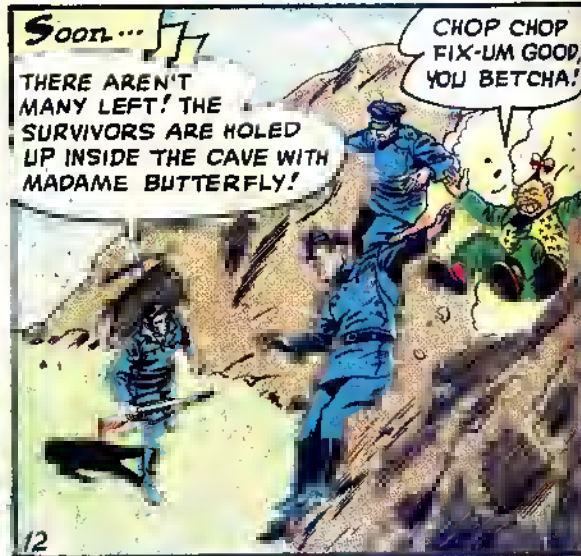
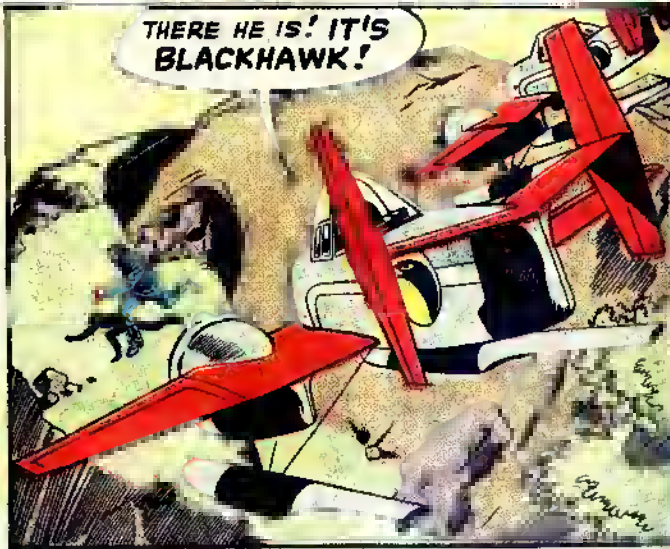
FOR SHAME! EES EET THAT YOU WOULD RATHER SWEEM THAN FLY?

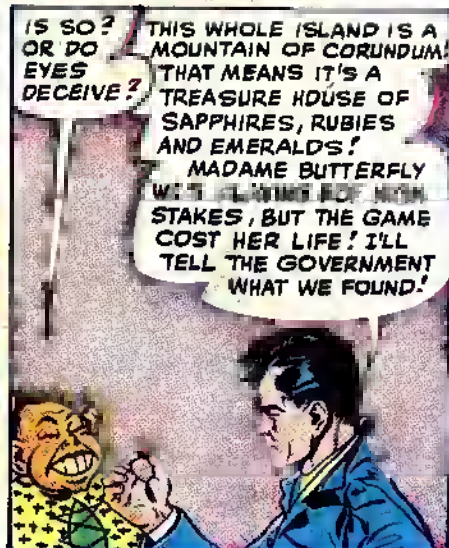
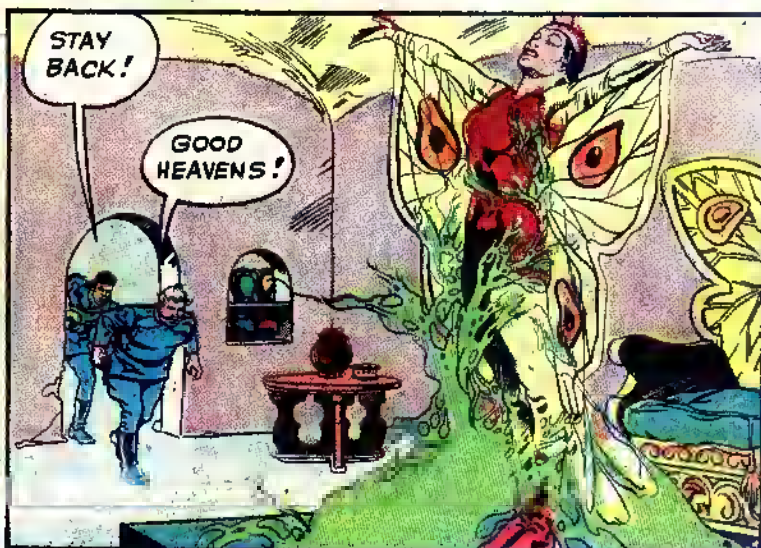
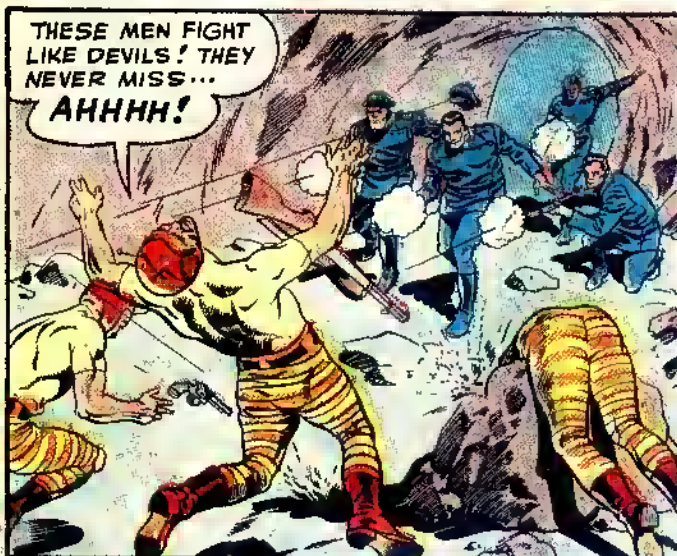
NONE OF YOUR WISECRACKS, ANDRE! THAT CRAZY PILOT RAMMED MY PLANE!



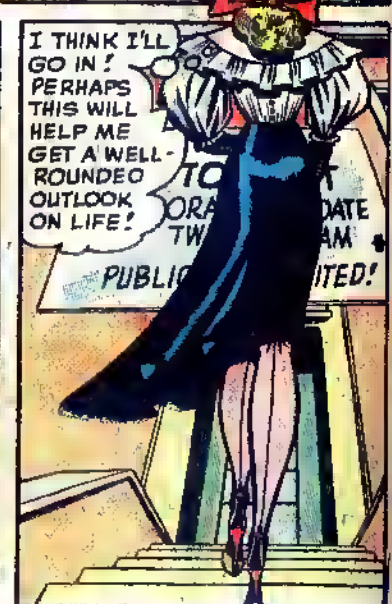
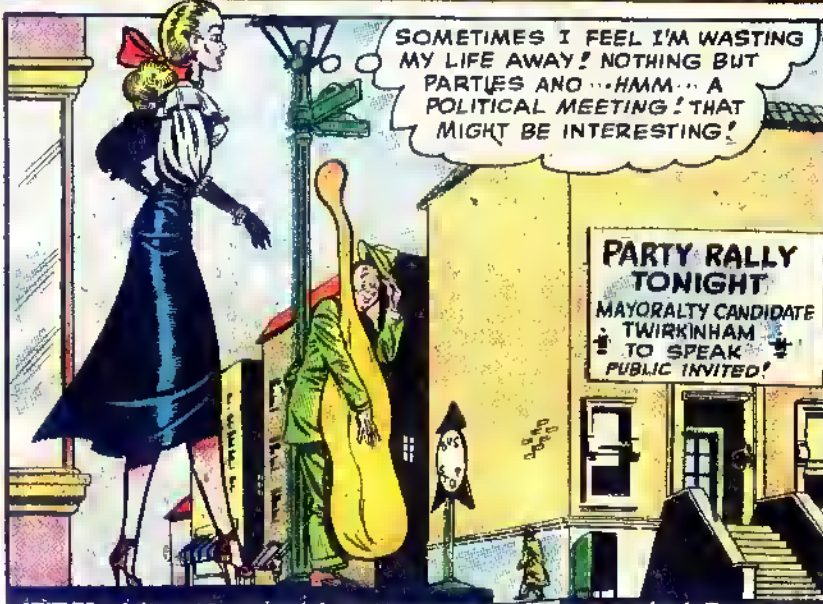
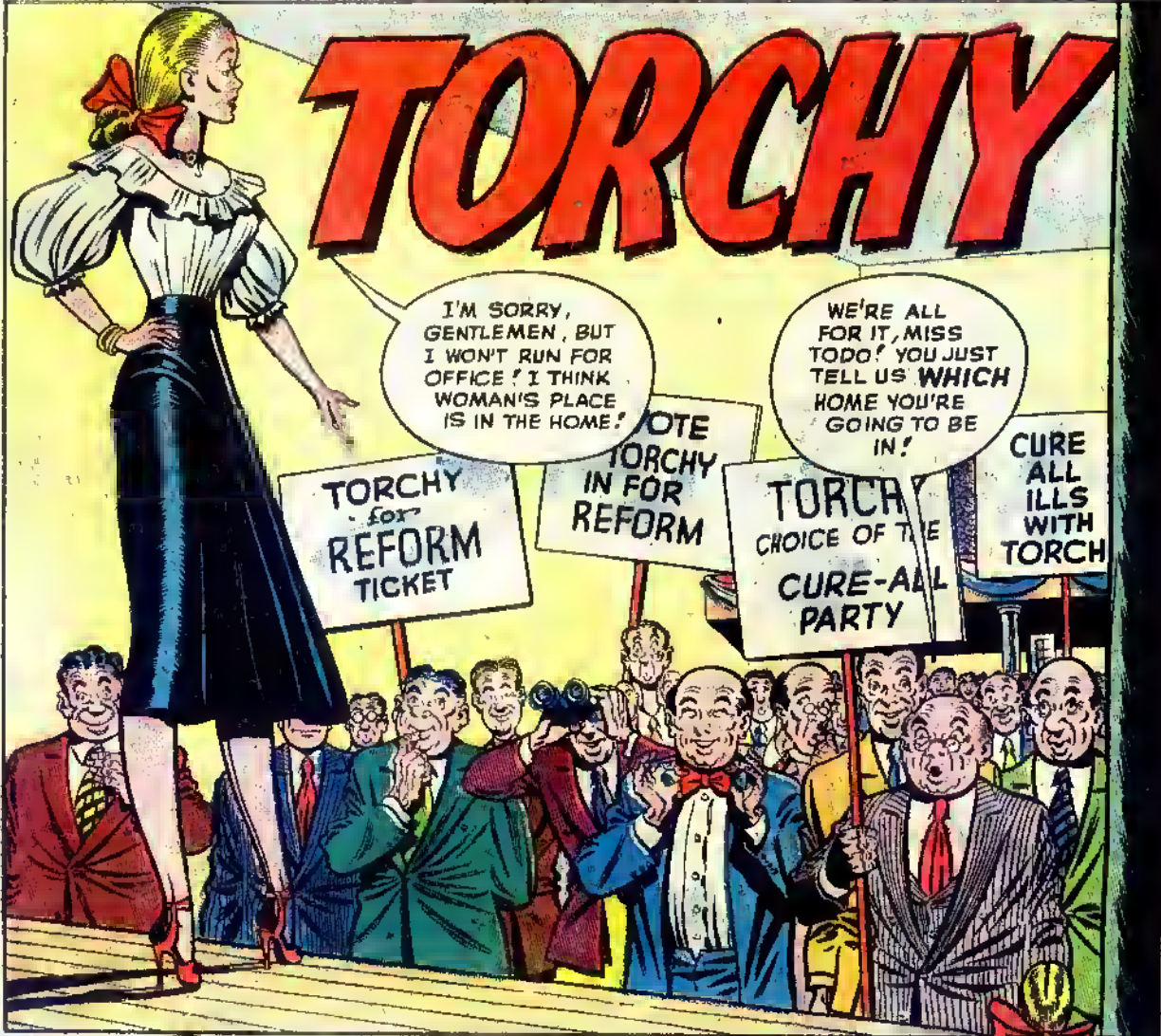






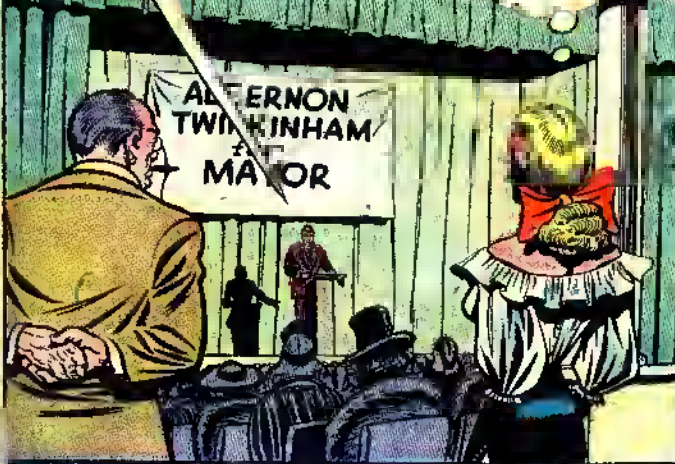


TORCHY



...AND I PROMISE YOU THAT DECENCY AND MORALITY WILL TRIUMPH!

OH, HOW WONDERFUL IT MUST BE TO DO SOMETHING FOR OTHERS! AND TO BE SO SINCERE, TOO!



WARD, IT LOOKS BAD! THIS JERK CAN'T WIN, BUT HE MIGHT MAKE TROUBLE WHEN WE START ... ER ... **COUNTING VOTES!**

HEELER, I TOLD YA WE SHOULD'VE BEEN HONEST AND BOUGHT VOTES, INSTEAD OF STUFFING THE BALLOT BOXES!



IF MAYOR MOORE DON'T WIN, WE WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO BUY OUR **OWN VOTES!** COULDN'T YA GET SOMETHIN' SHADY ON THIS GUY?

NAH! HE'S PURE AS THE DRIVEN SNOW!

WAIT! HEELER, THERE'S THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEMS! ONLY I HATE TO WASTE IT ON OUT-FOXIN' THE OPPOSITION! ER... MAOAME ... **MISS!**

YES?

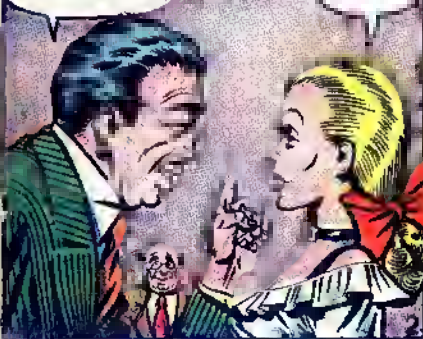
I IMAGINE YOU, TOO, ARE A LOYAL SUPPORTER OF OUR HERO, ALGERNON Q. TWIRKINHAM! WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP HIM WIN?

OH, IF I ONLY COULD! PLEASE, WHAT CAN I DO?



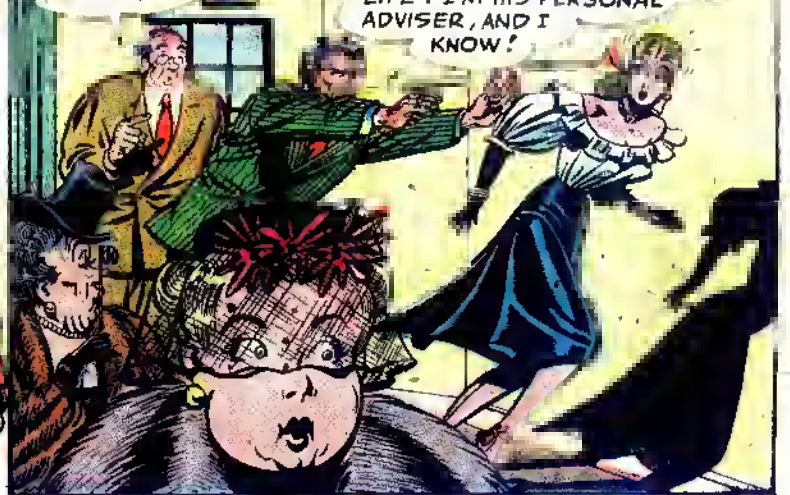
MY DEAR, ALGERNON HAS ONE FATAL HANDICAP... HE HAS NEVER KNOWN THE LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN! YOUR DUTY IS CLEAR!

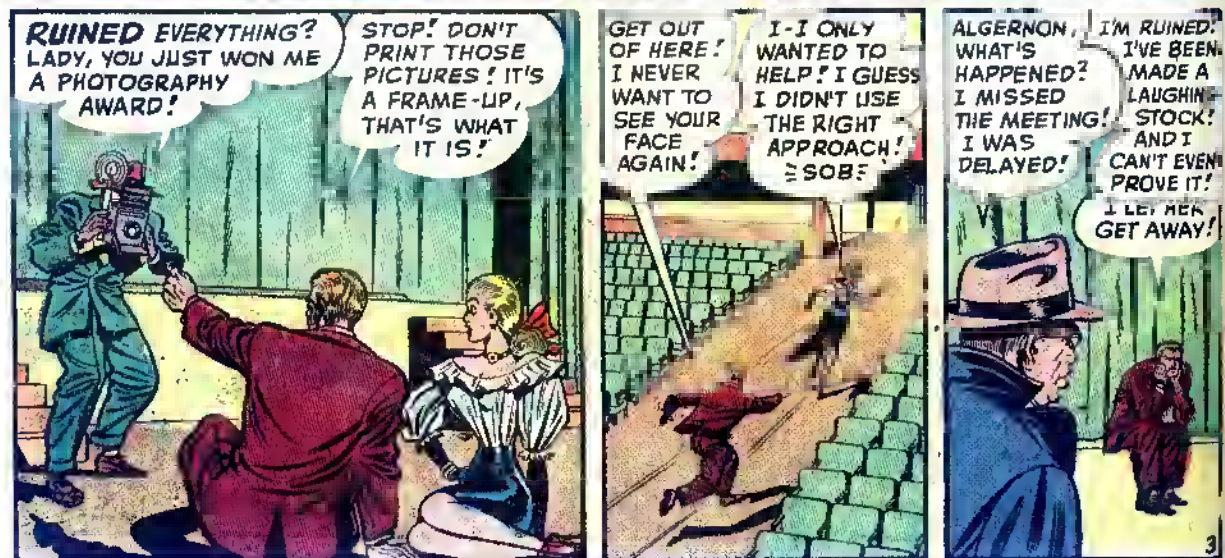
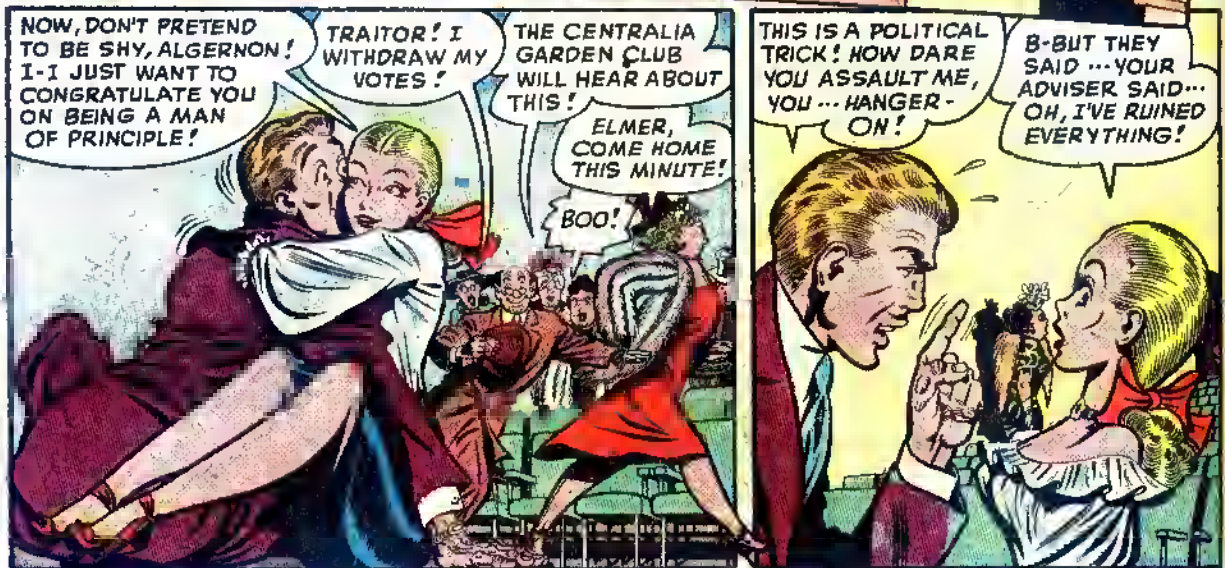
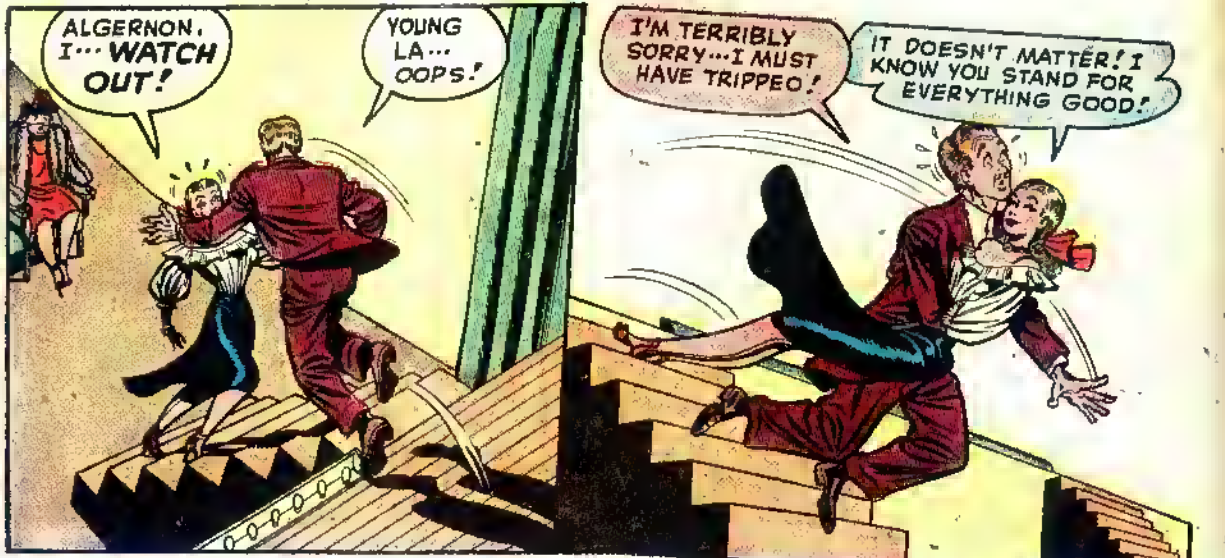
BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW HIM!

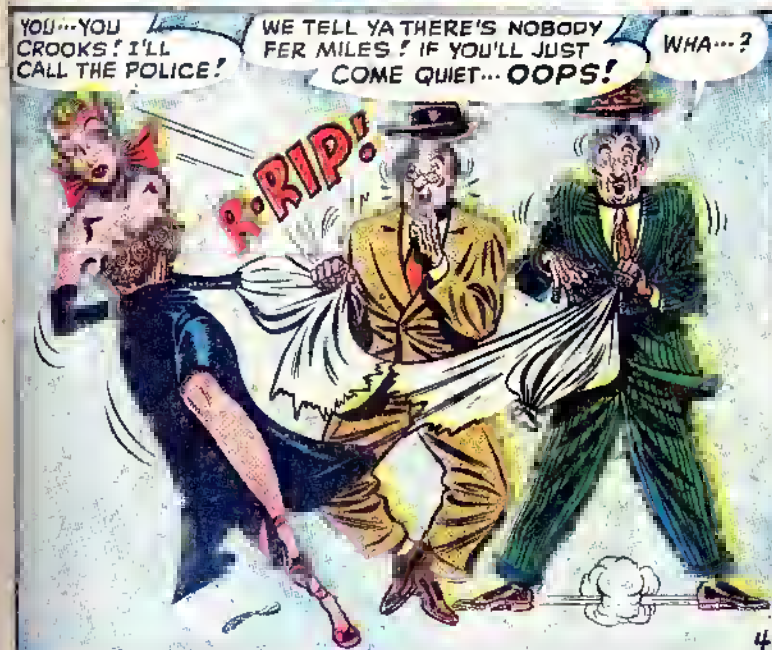
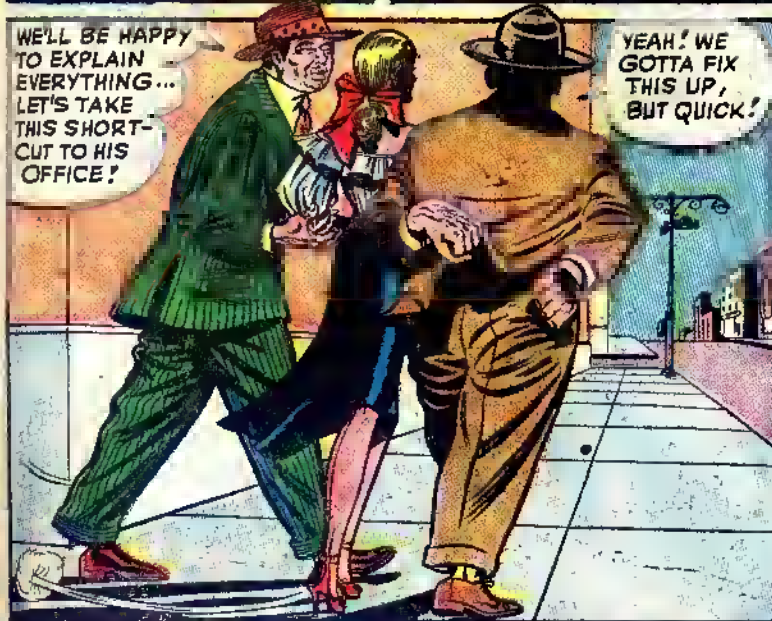
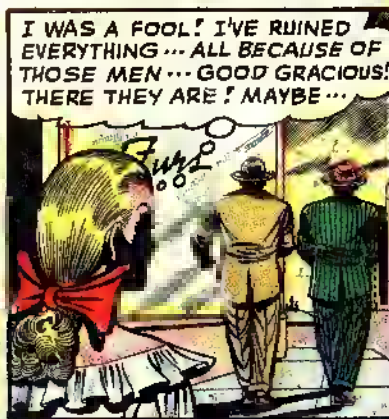
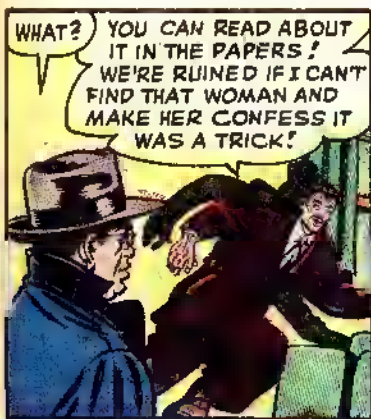


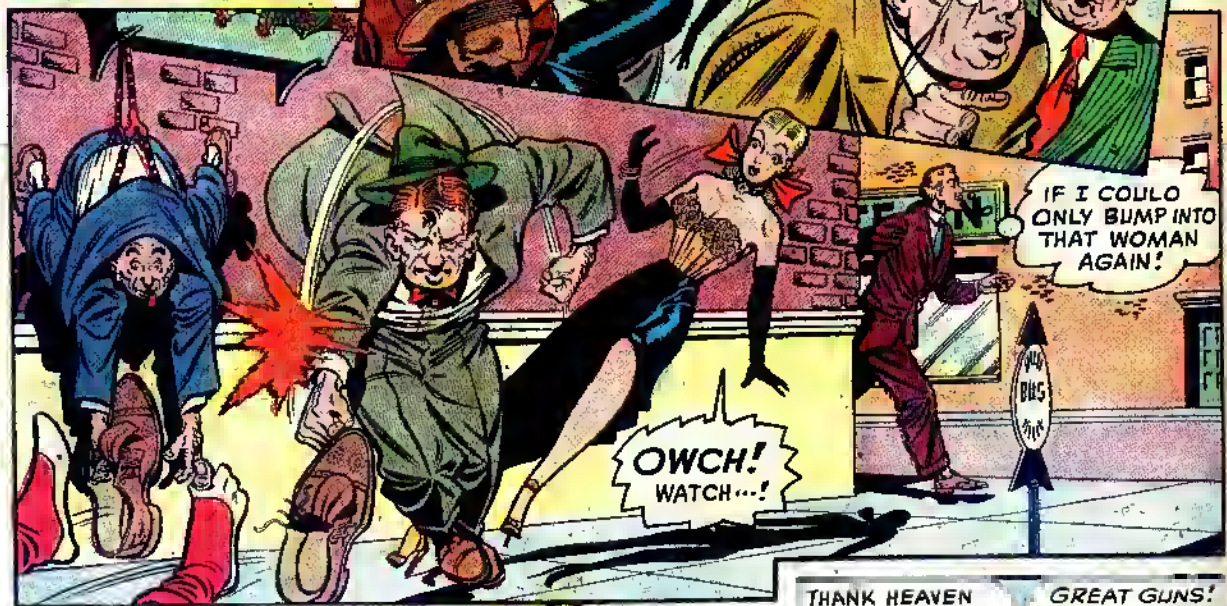
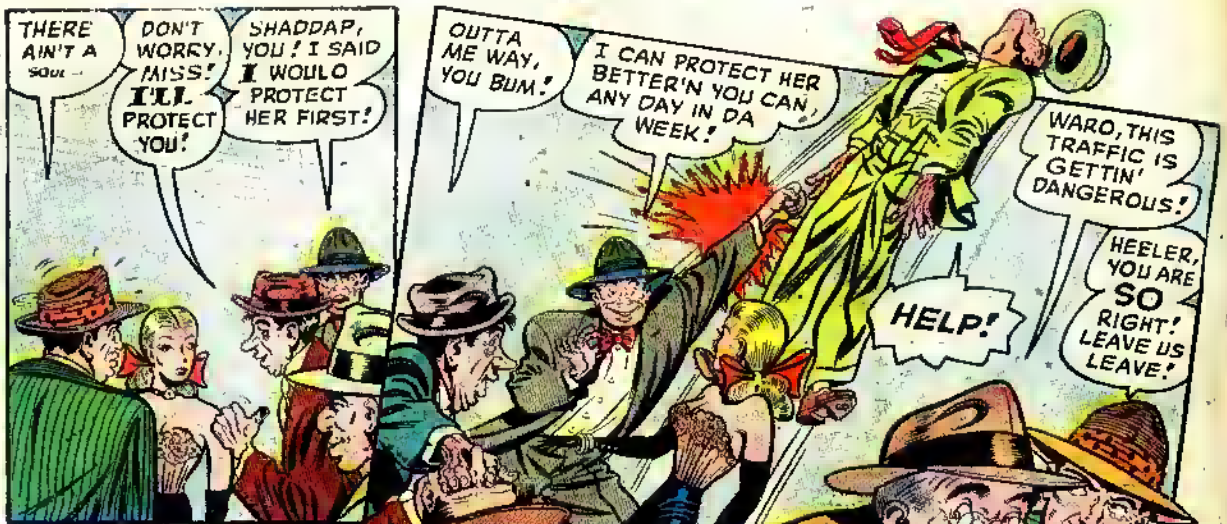
WELL, HURRY UP AND MEET HIM! HE'S JUST FINISHING HIS SPEECH!

GIVE HIM A SISTERLY HUG ... AND DON'T LET HIS SHYNESS FOOL YOU! THIS WILL BE THE BIGGEST DAY OF HIS LIFE! I'M HIS PERSONAL ADVISER, AND I KNOW!









GENTLEMEN, I SHOULD LIKE A TALK WITH YOU AT MY OFFICE! AND IN CASE YOU TRY TO SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS, LET ME WARN YOU THAT I WAS ONCE AN AMATEUR BOXING CHAMP!

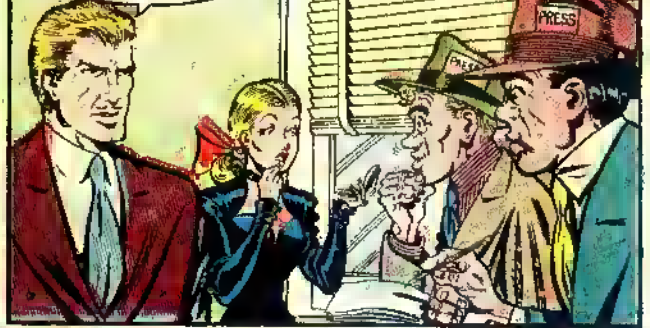
I-I'D BETTER FIND SOME CLOTHES AND GO ALONG, TOO!



Soon...

AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! AN OBVIOUS FRAME TO GET ME OUT OF THE POLITICAL PICTURE!

WITH A FRAME LIKE THAT AROUND, HE WORRIES ABOUT PICTURES!



REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN, THIS YOUNG WOMAN IS A STRANGER TO ME!

STOP! DON'T RELEASE THAT STORY!



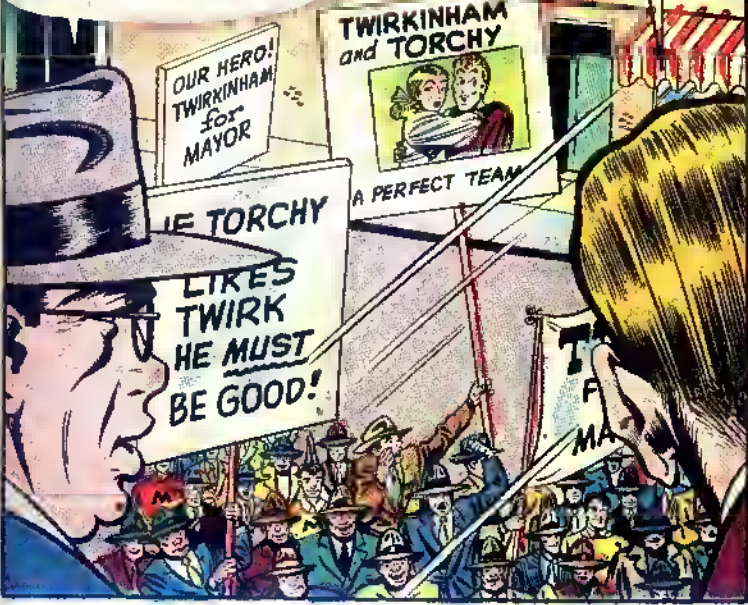
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

LOOK OUT THAT WINDOW AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND! THIS IS THE MOST AMAZING THING IN THE HISTORY OF POLITICS!



YOU DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN BEFORE! TOO MUCH OF A STUFFED SHIRT! BUT WITH HER HELP, YOU'LL GET IT IN A LANDSLIDE!

BUT WHAT WILL THE LADIES' GARDEN CLUB SAY... AND...



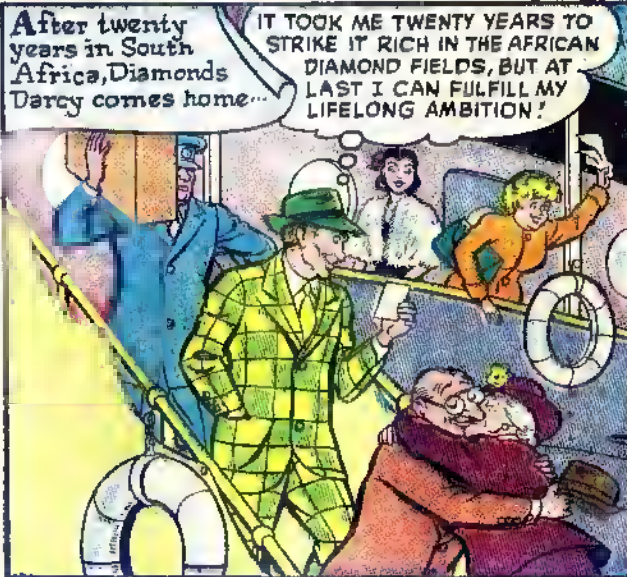
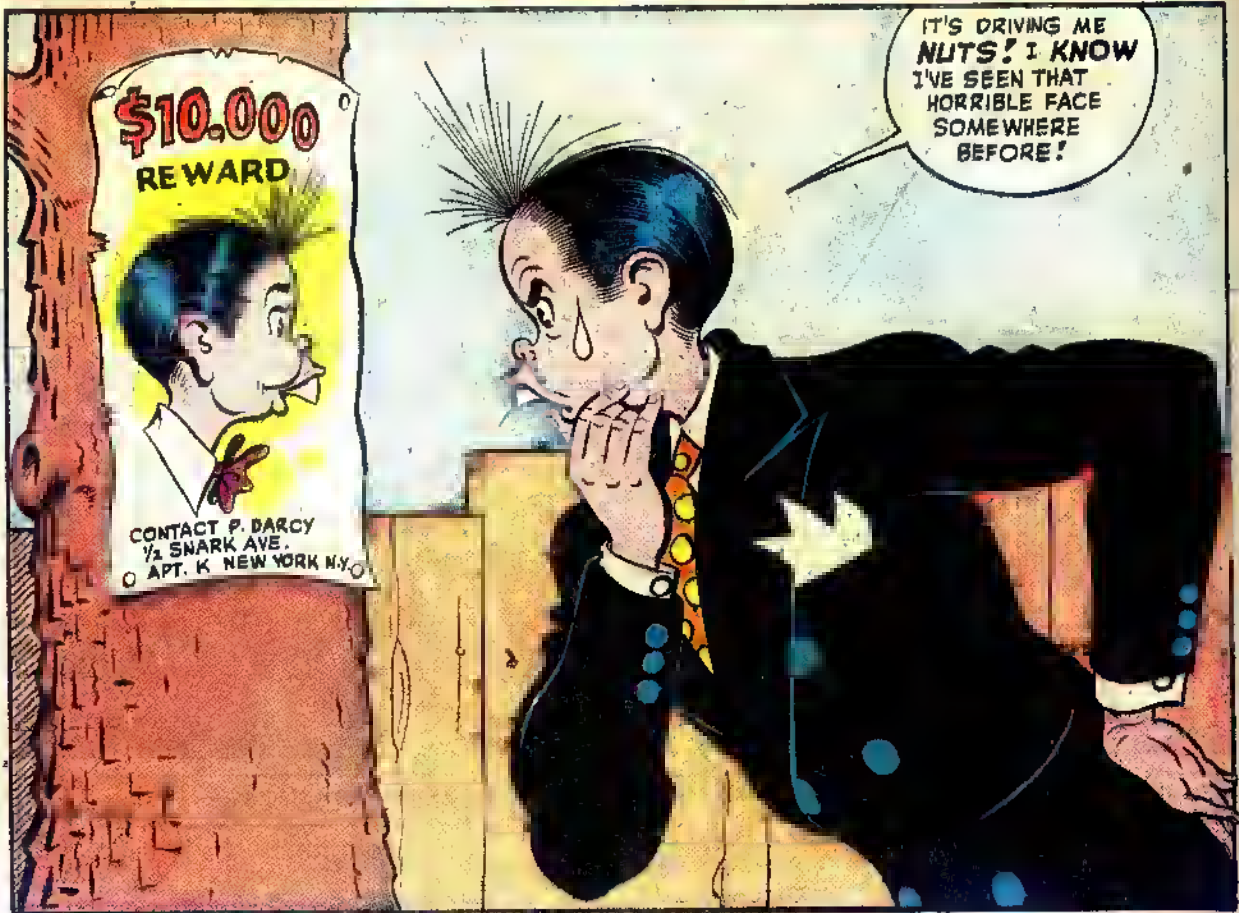
Election night...

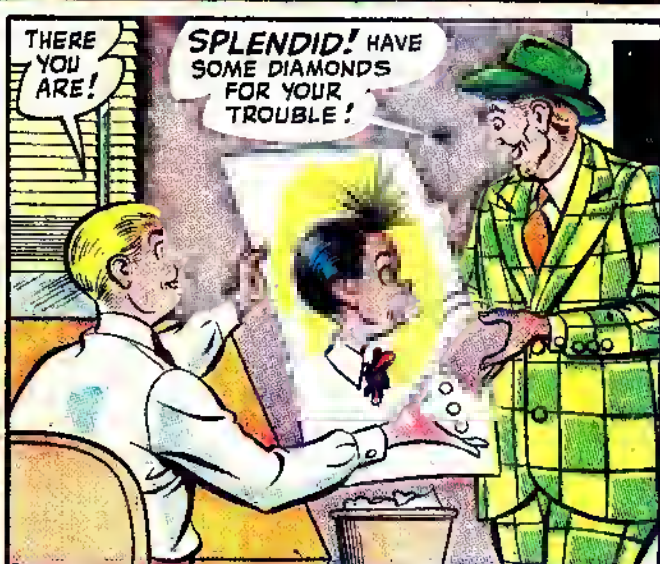
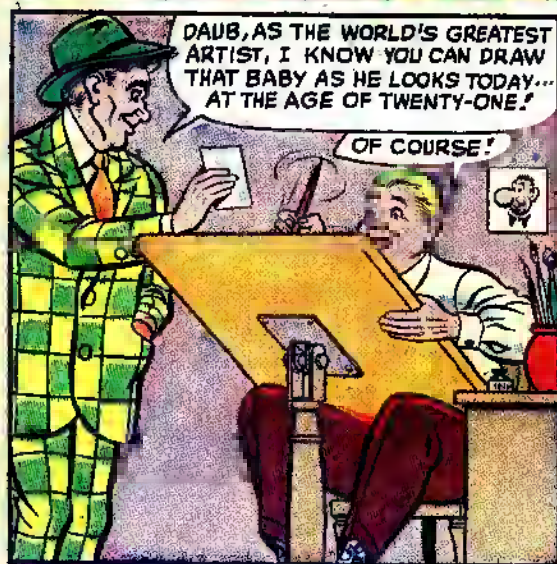
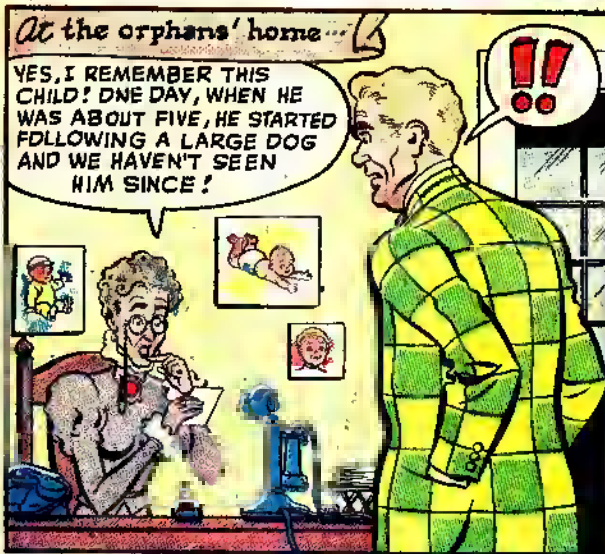
I'VE WON, TORCHY! AND YOU'VE CHANGED MY WHOLE LIFE! LET'S GO CELEBRATE... SWEET MUSIC, SOFT LIGHTS, FLOOR SHOWS...

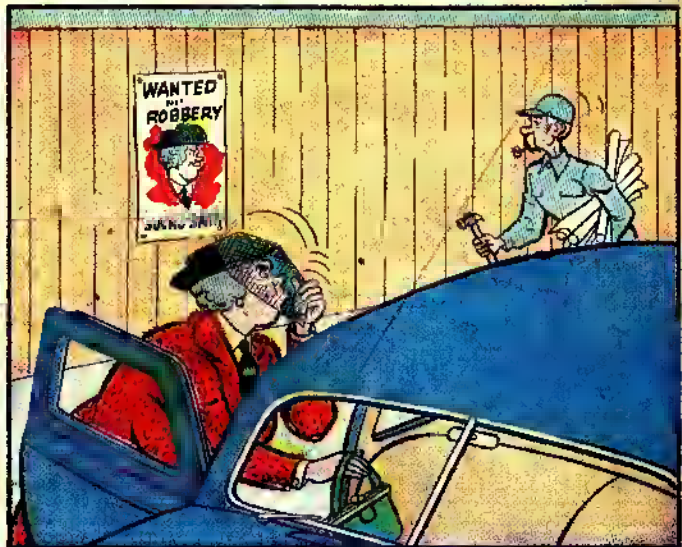
IS THAT KIND OF PARTY ON YOUR PLATFORM TOO, ALGY?

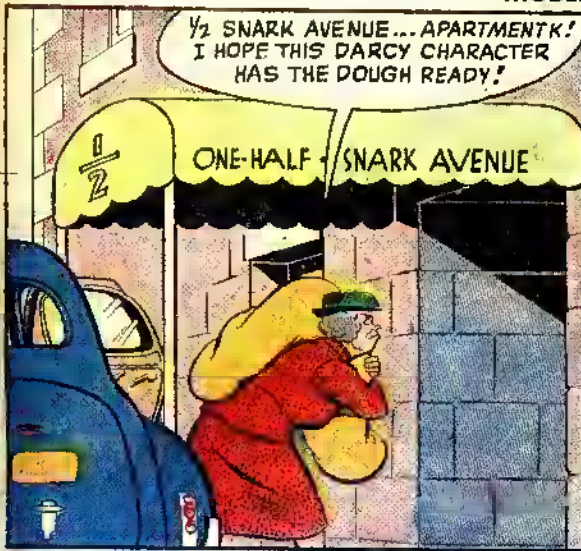


DOGTAG

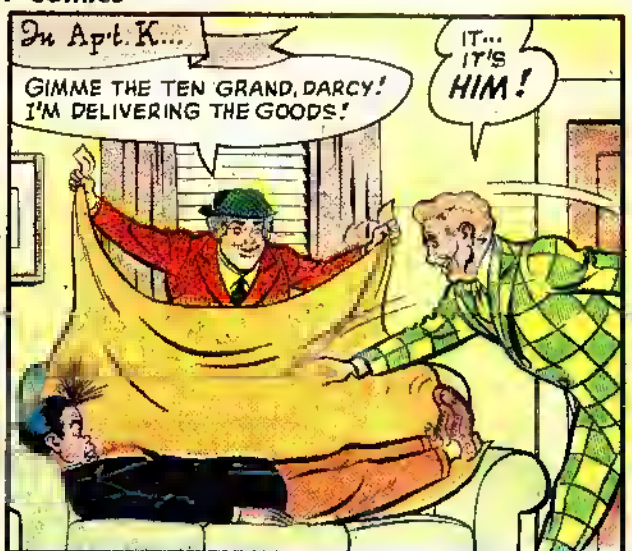








1/2 SNARK AVENUE... APARTMENTK!
I HOPE THIS DARCY CHARACTER
HAS THE DOUGH READY!



In Apt. K...

GIMME THE TEN GRAND, DARCY!
I'M DELIVERING THE GOODS!

IT...
IT'S
HIM!



GIVE WITH
THE GREEN
STUFF?

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!
WHAT HAPPENED?

I BELTED HIM
WITH MY
PERSUADER,
JUST IN CASE
HE MIGHT NOT
HAVE WANTED
TO COME
ALONG!

YOU LUNATIC!
WHAT IF HE
DIES FROM
THAT BLOW?

SO WHAT?
GIMME MY
DOUGH!

NOT UNTIL
I'M SURE HE'S
GOING TO BE
ALL RIGHT!



WELCHING,
EH? YOU
CHEAP
CHISELER!

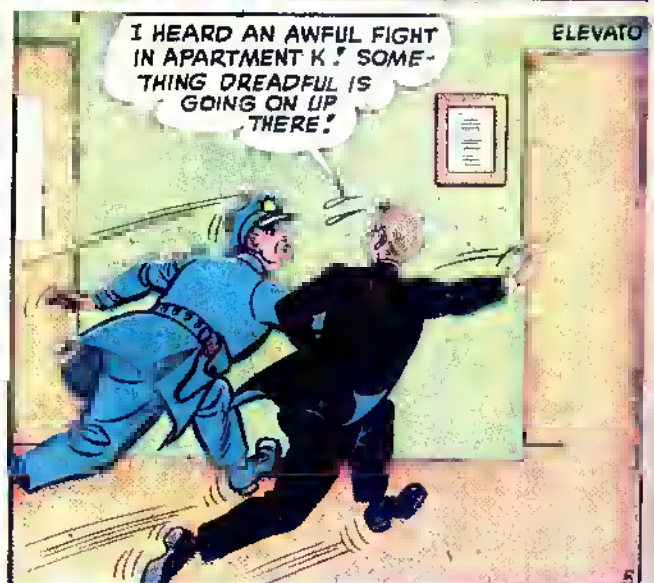
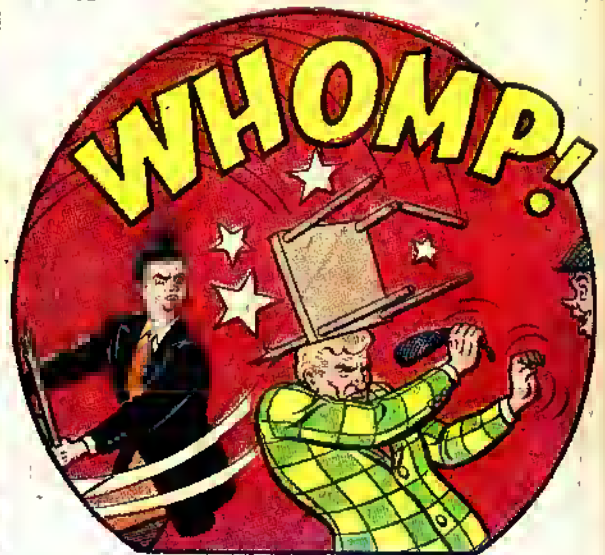
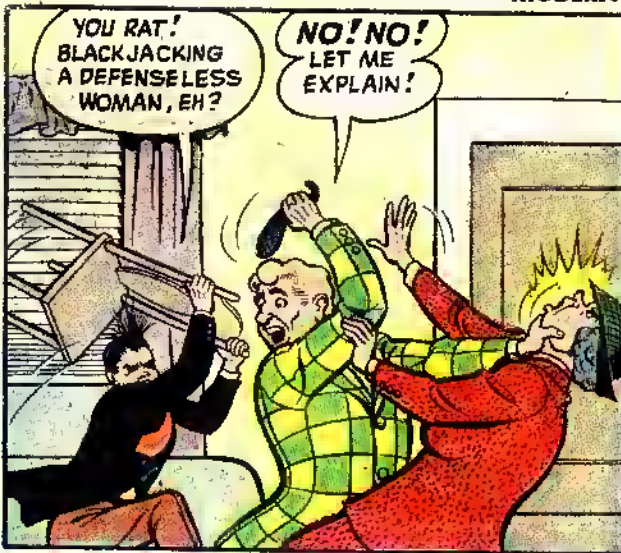
GIVE ME THAT
BLACKJACK,
YOU MANIAC!

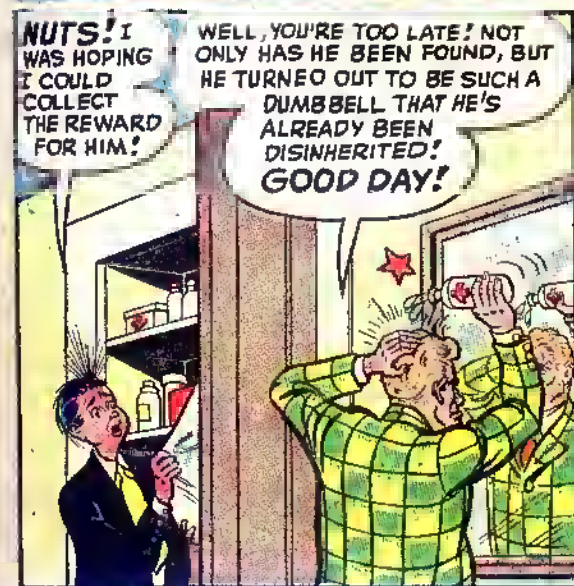
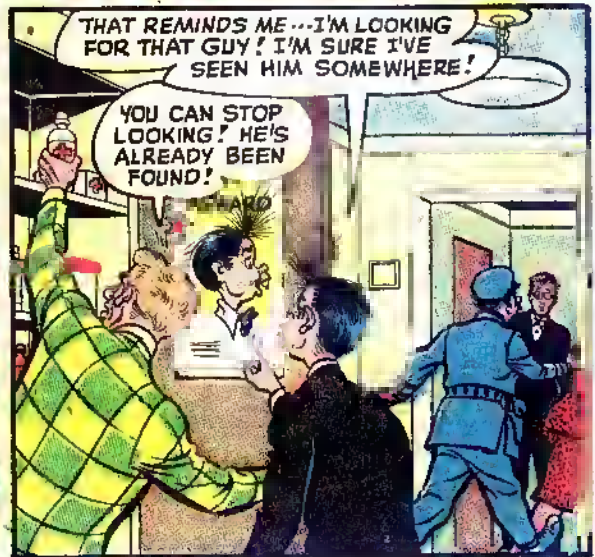
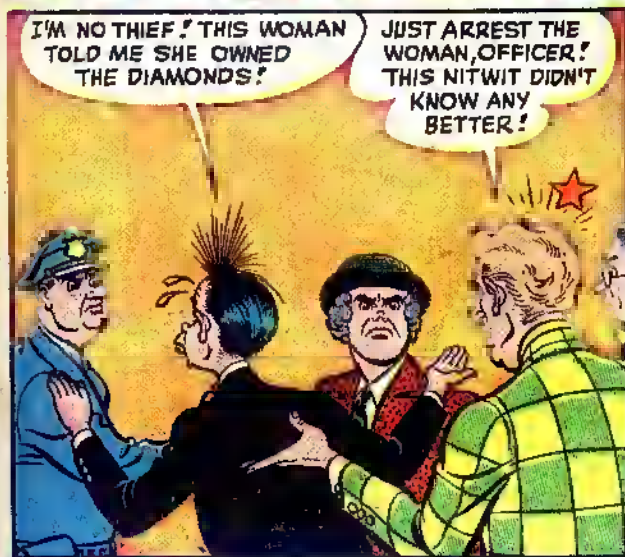
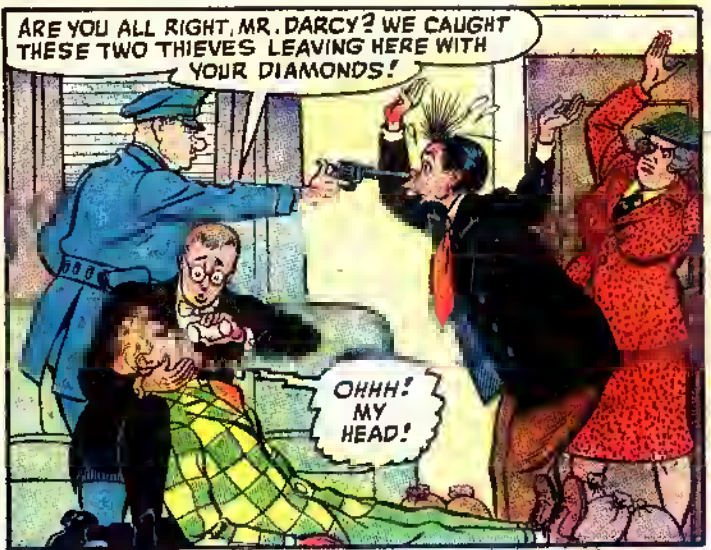
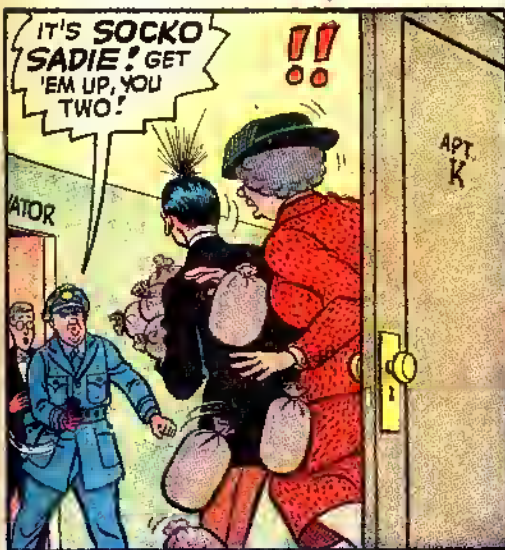


FOR TWO CENTS, I'D
CRACK YOUR
BRAINLESS
SKULL!

MY
GOODNESS!
A LADY IN
DISTRESS!

HALP!
MURDER!

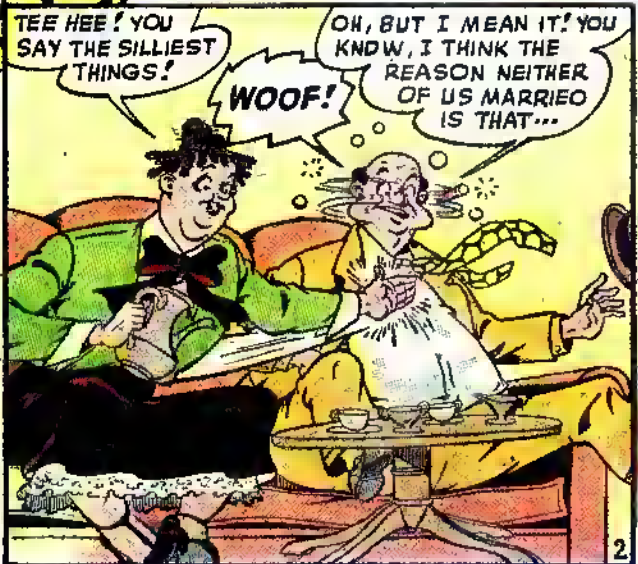
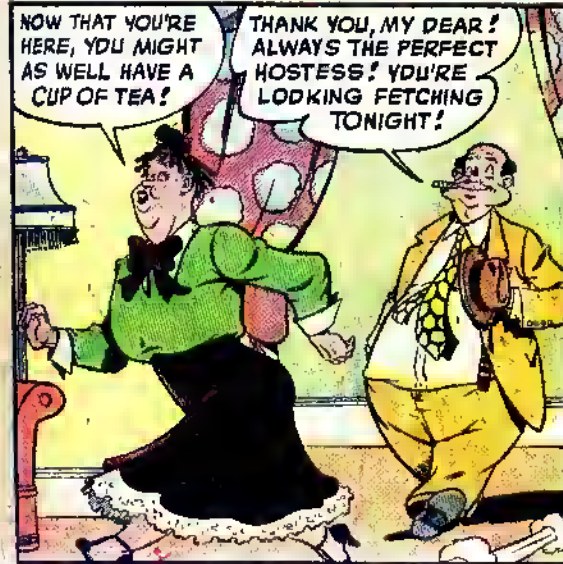
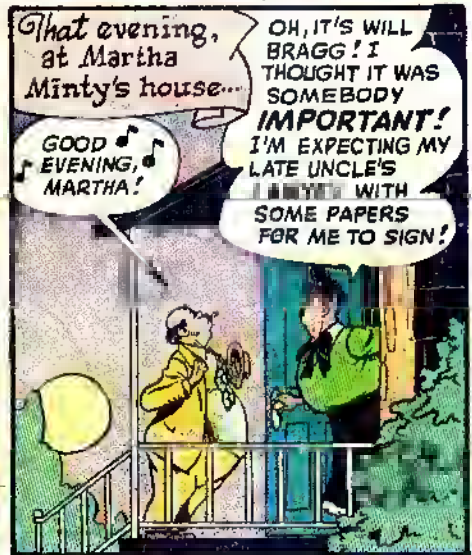
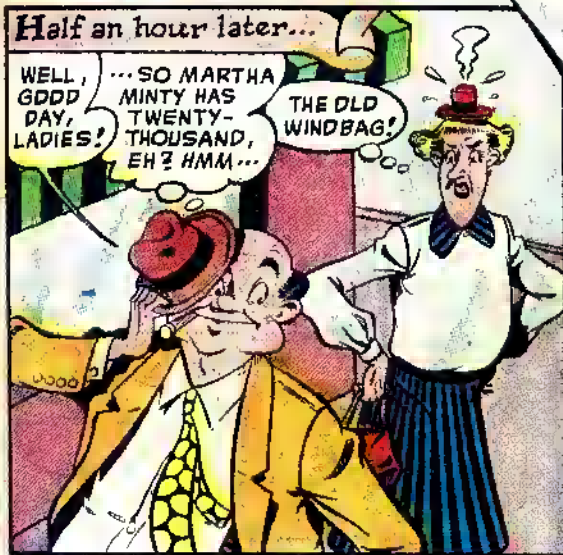


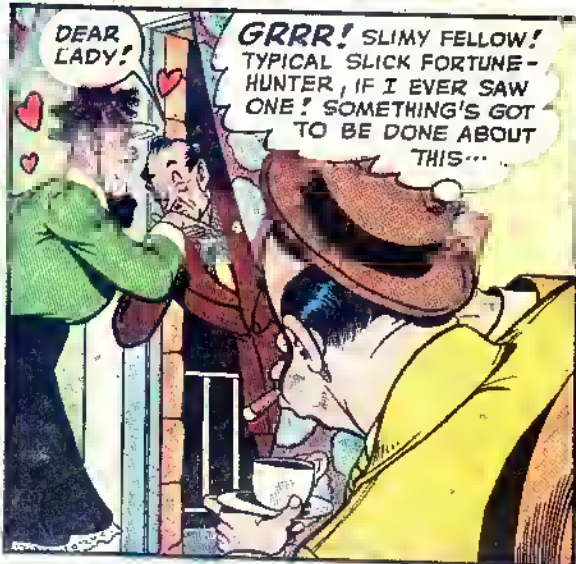
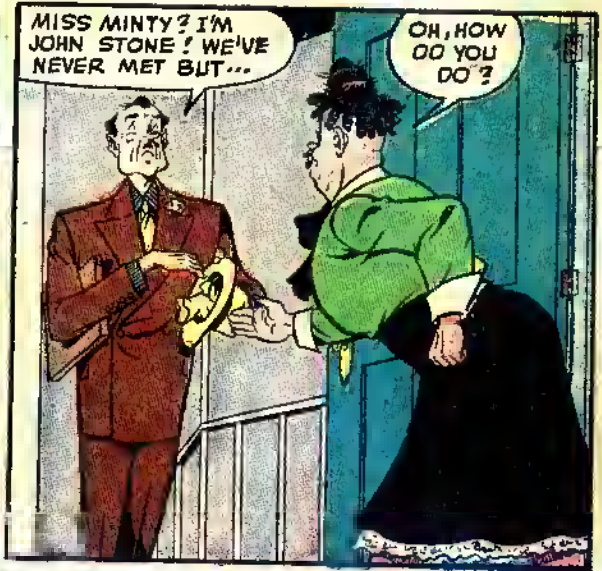


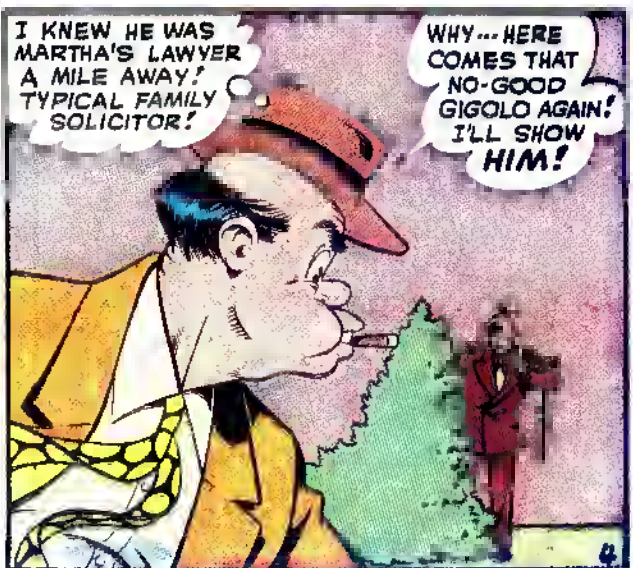
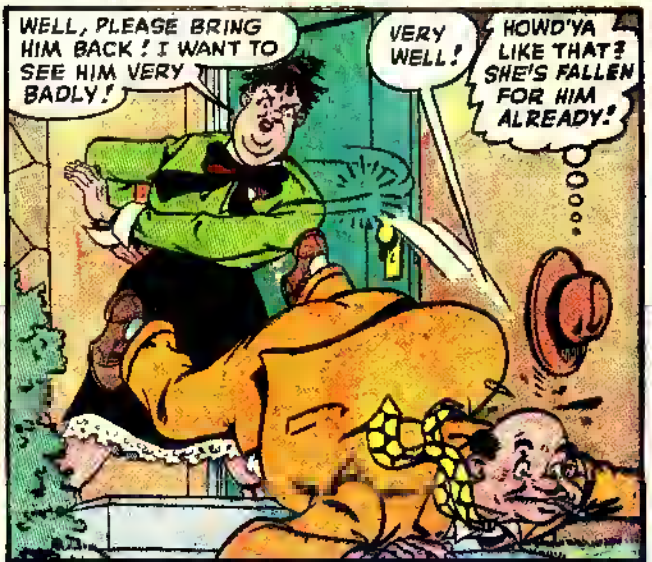
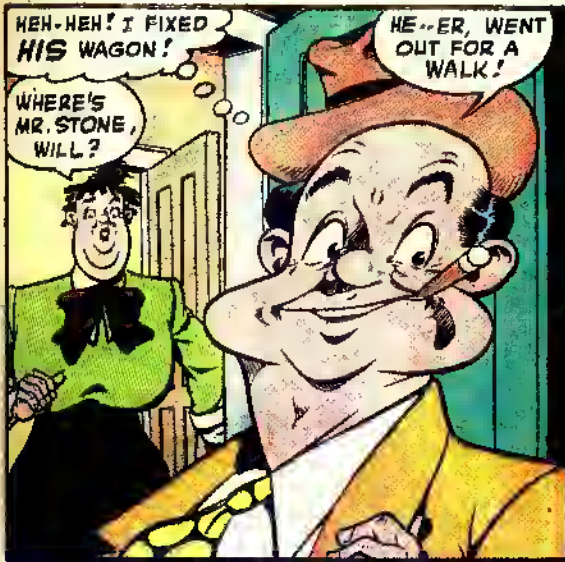
Will Bragg

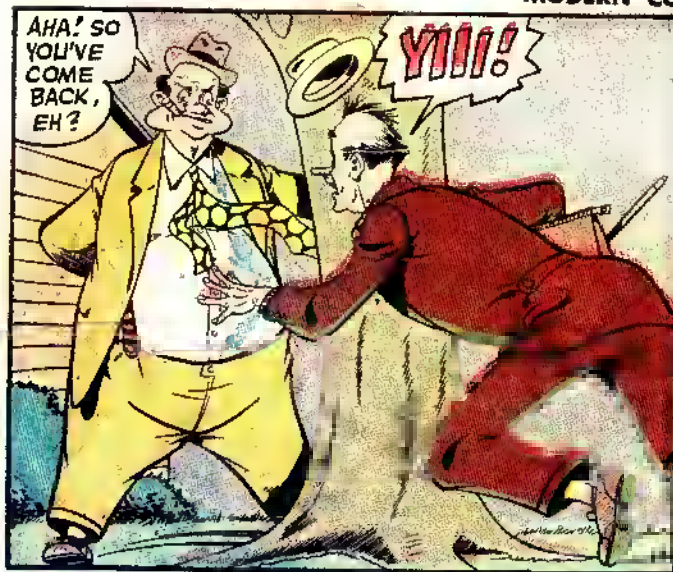
Meet Will Bragg, the man who's never wrong... he'll tell you so himself, any time... with or without his watch!

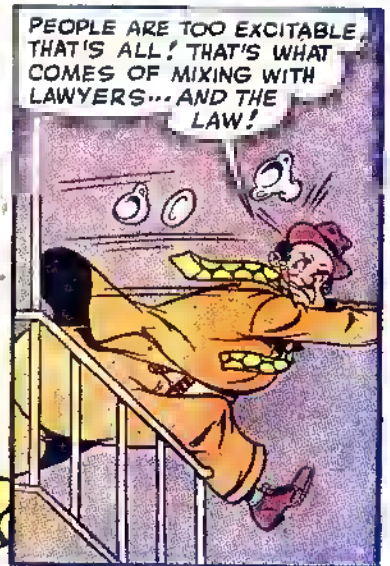
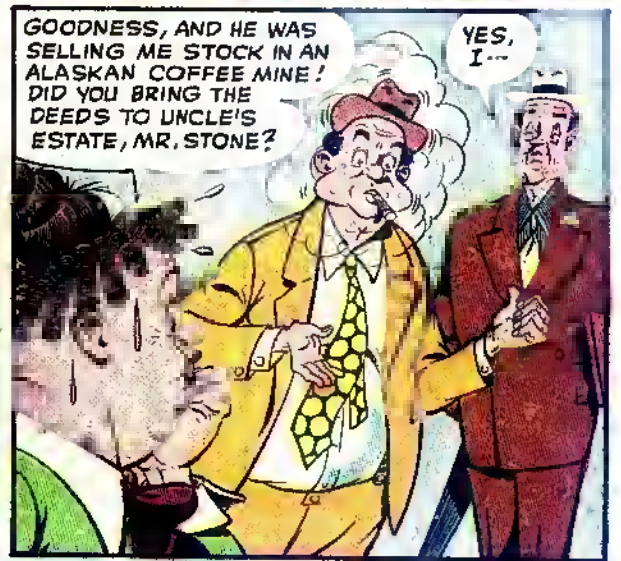
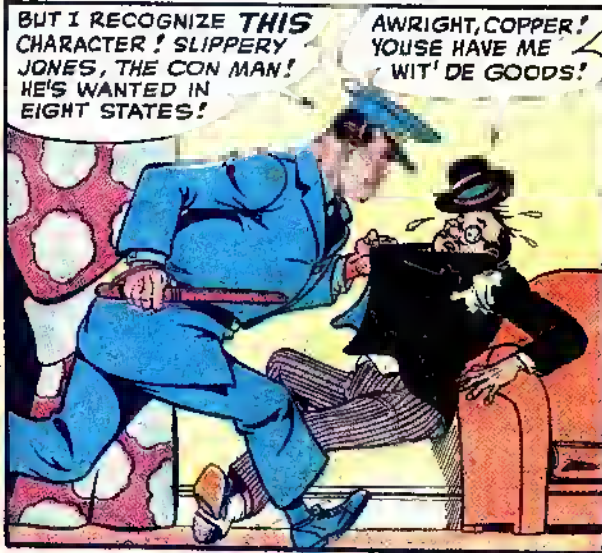




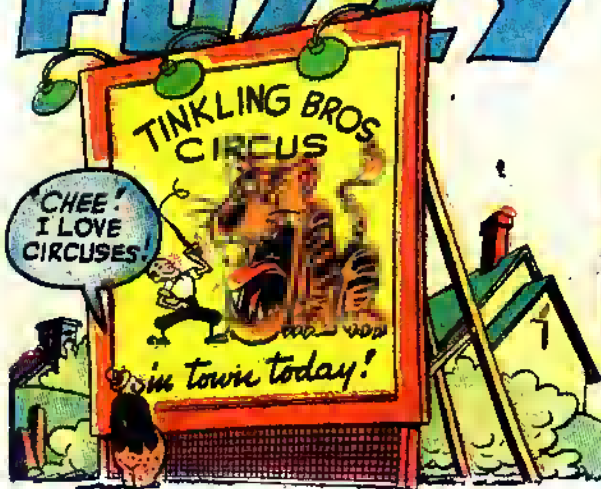






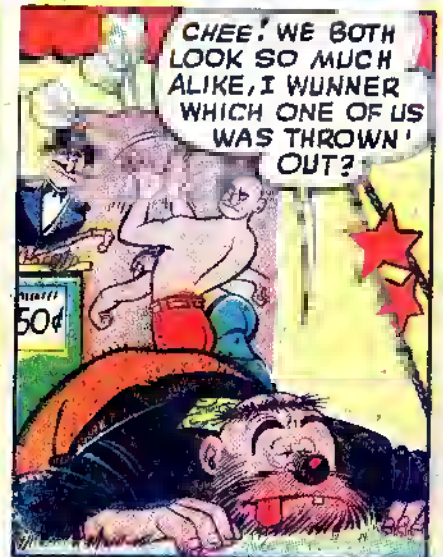
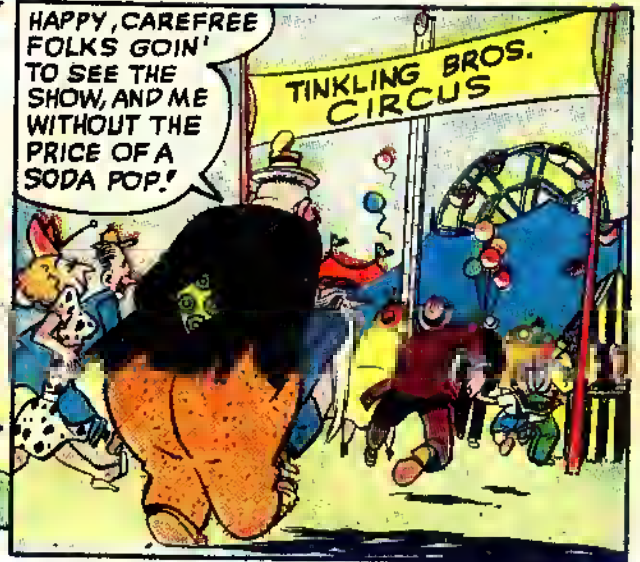


FUZZY



'CHEE! I LOVE CIRCUSES!

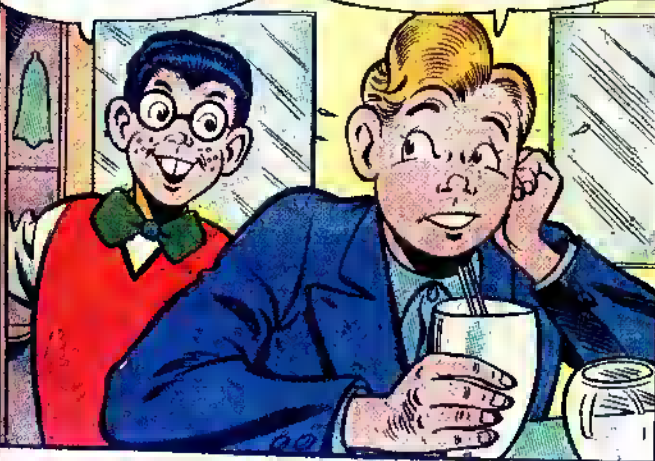
HAPPY, CAREFREE FOLKS GOIN' TO SEE THE SHOW, AND ME WITHOUT THE PRICE OF A SODA POP!





WELL, EZRA OL' PAL,
I JUST SIGNED UP MY
CHICK FOR THE PROM!
HOW ABOUT YOU?

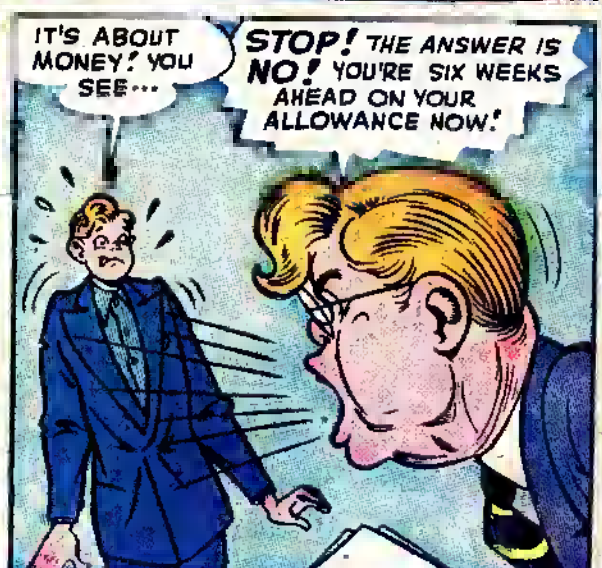
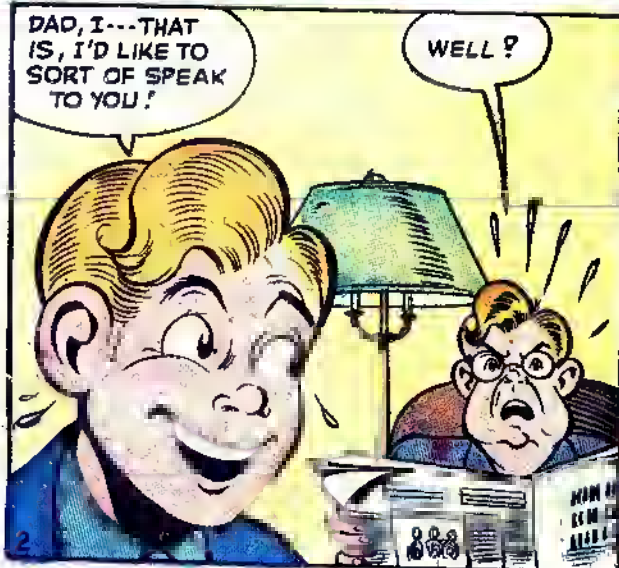
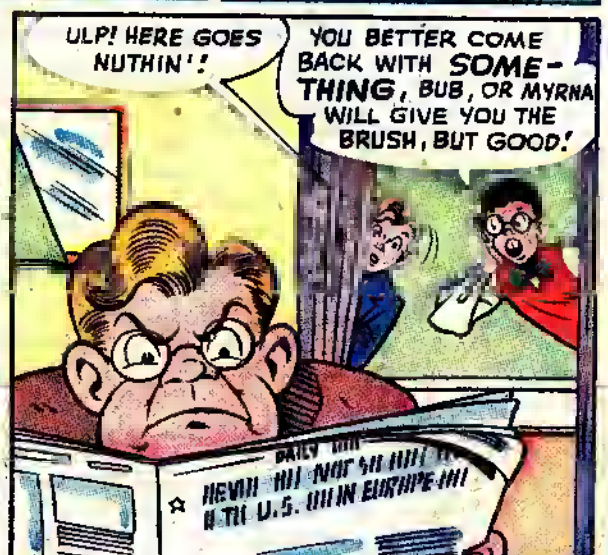
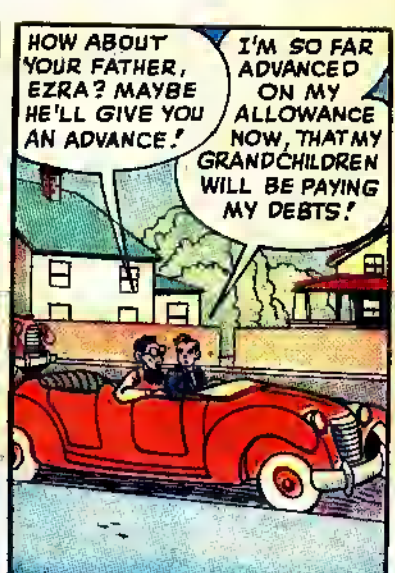
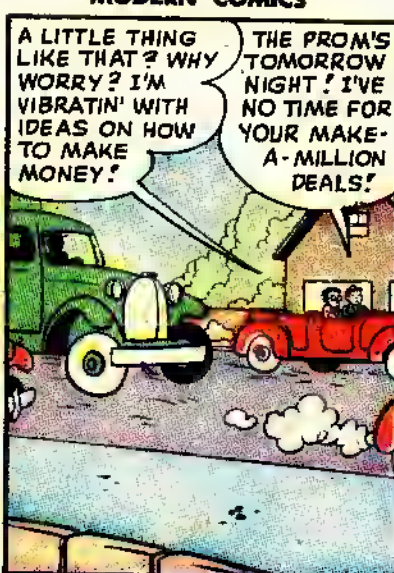
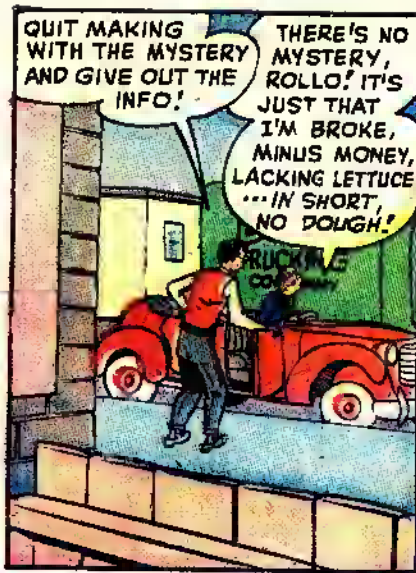
MYRNA'S ALREADY
ACCEPTED MY BID, ROLLO,
BUT I'VE GOT PROBLEMS,
BOY, PROBLEMS.

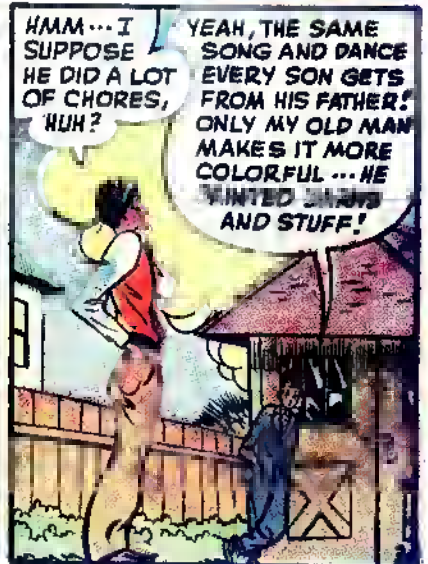
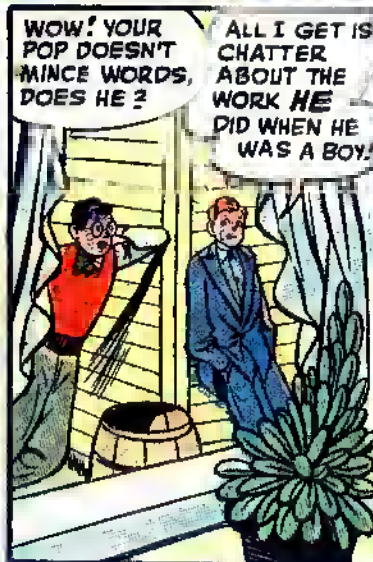
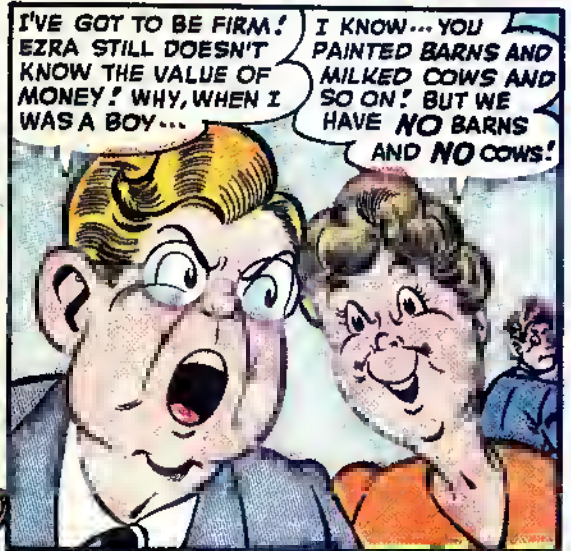
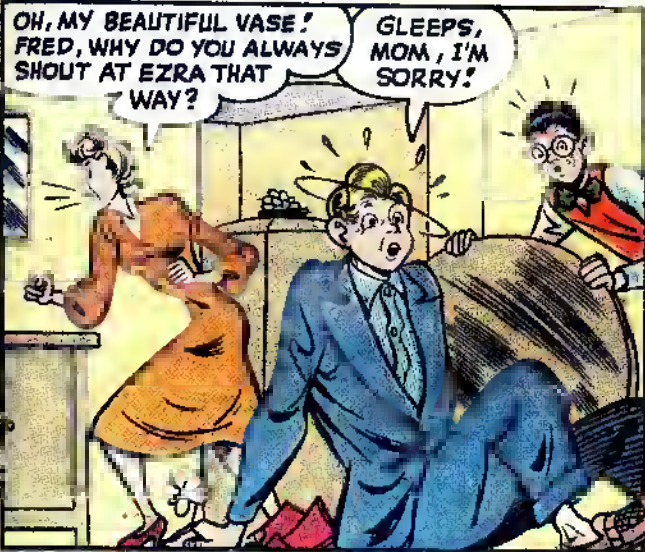
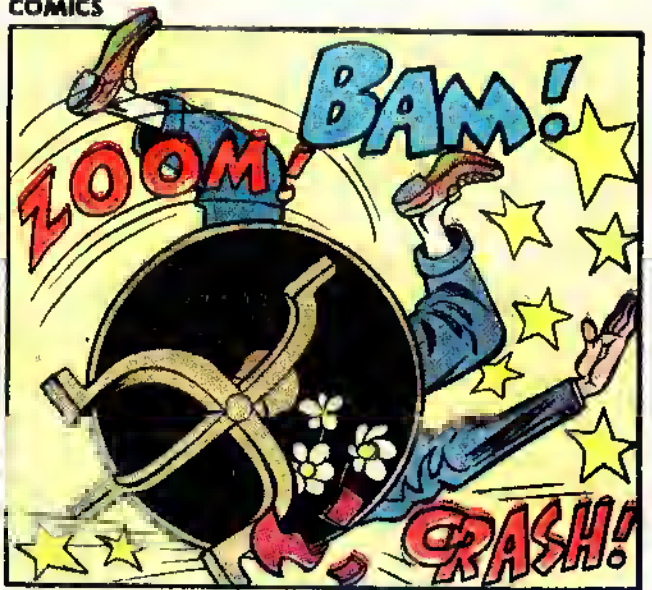
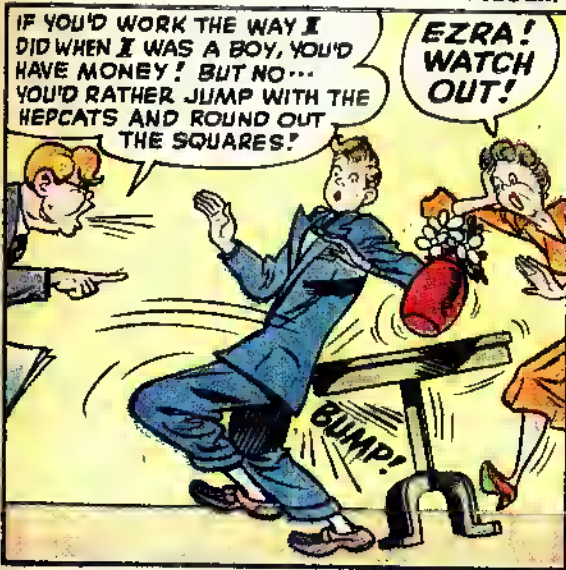


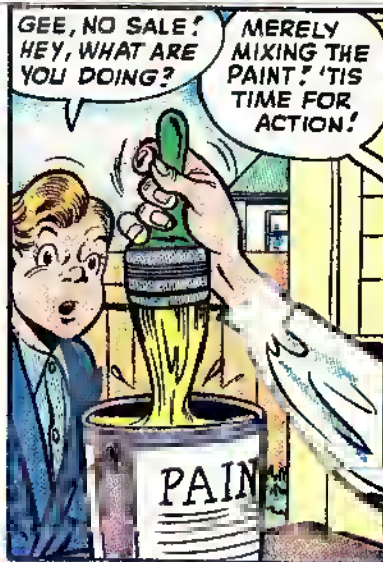
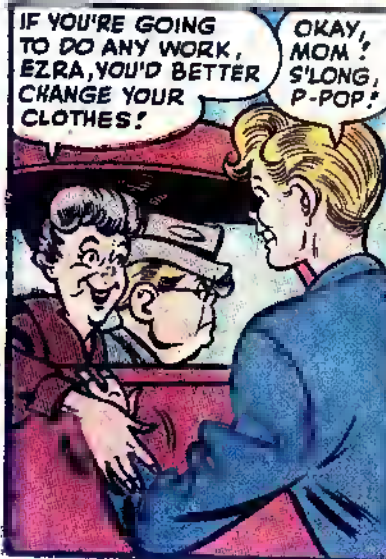
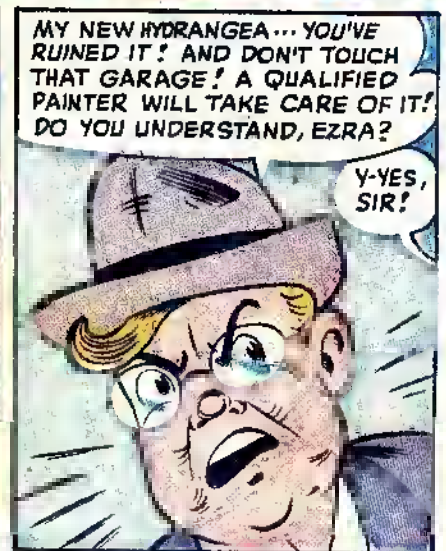
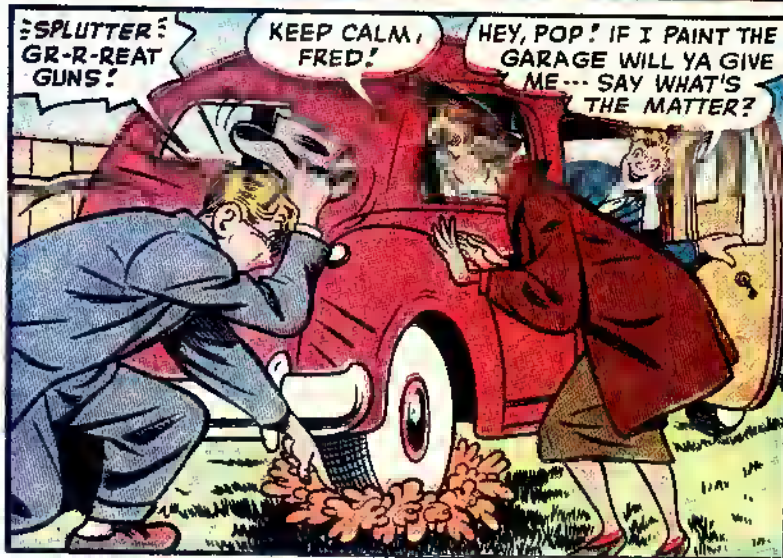
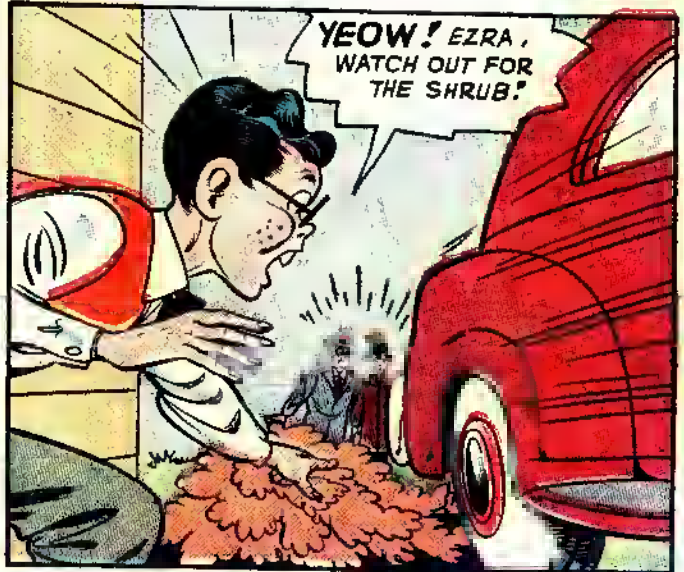
CREEPS! I THOUGHT WE
WERE ALL SET TO GO IN
YOUR CAR! THE
WOBBLE
WAGON'S
OKAY, ISN'T
IT?

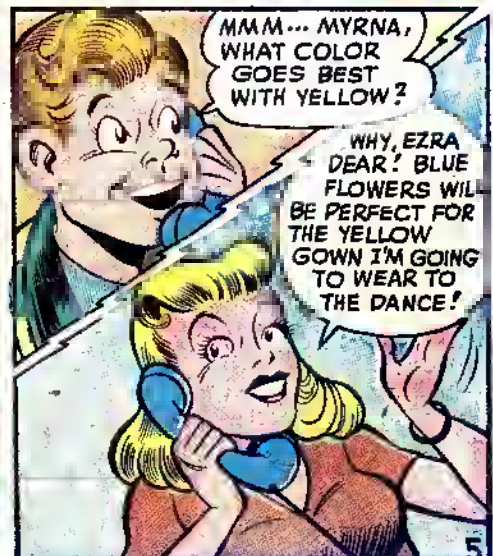
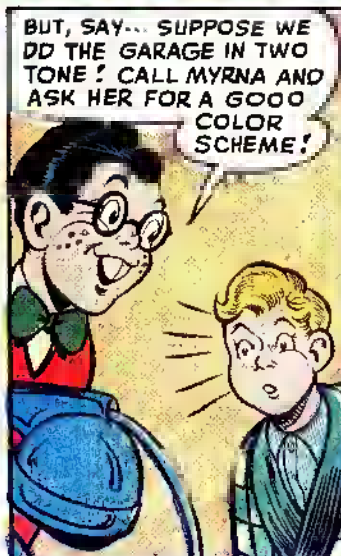
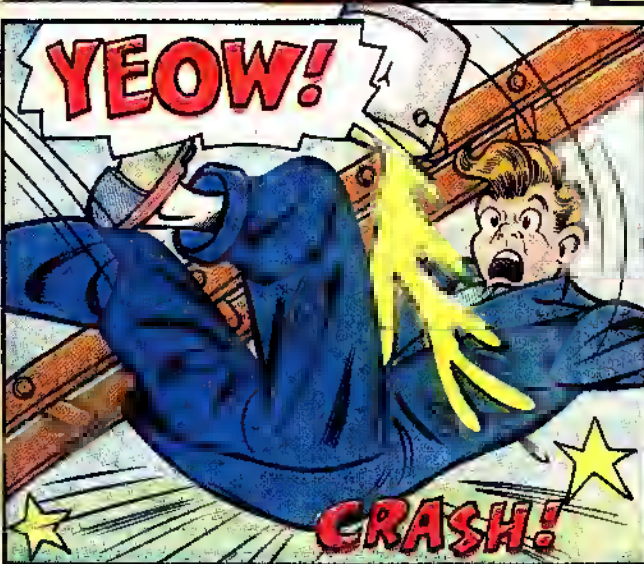
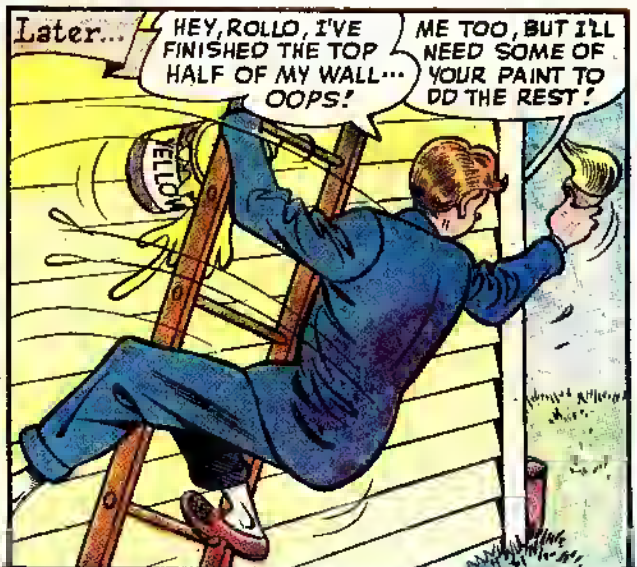
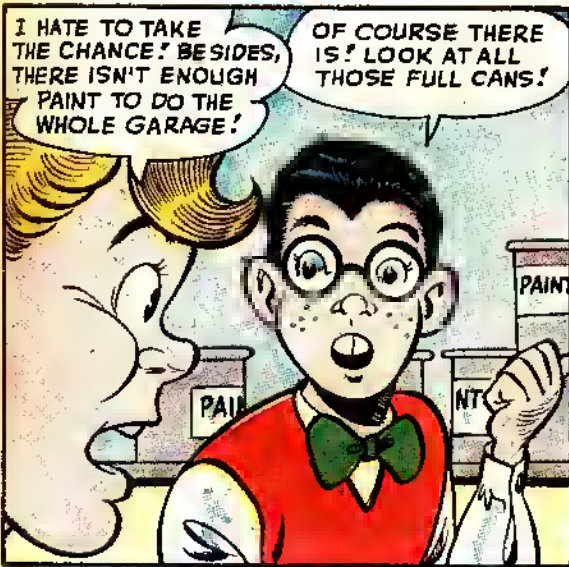
IT'S IN TOP
SHAPE BUT I
CAN'T SAY THE
SAME FOR MY-
SELF! THINGS
LOOK
MIGHTY
DIM!

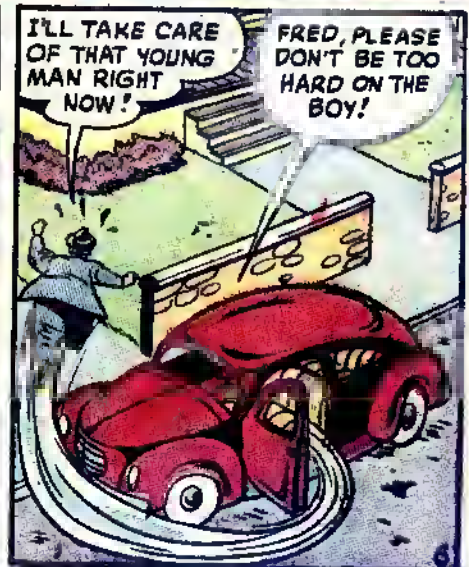
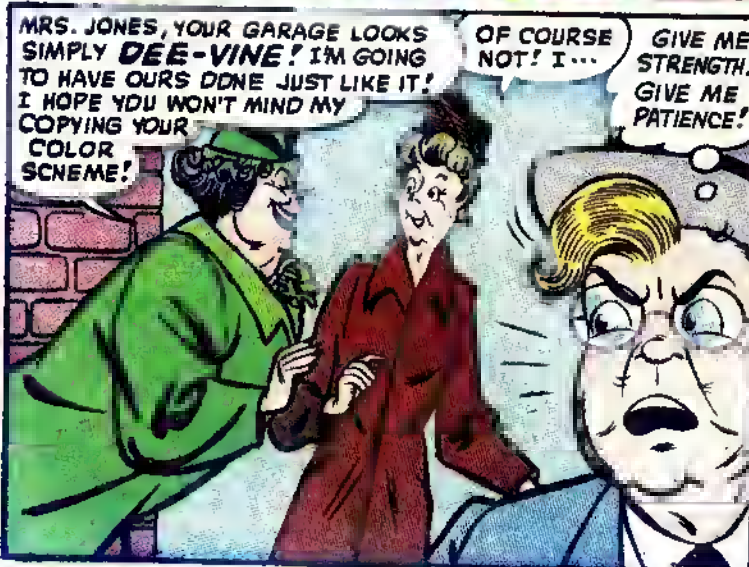
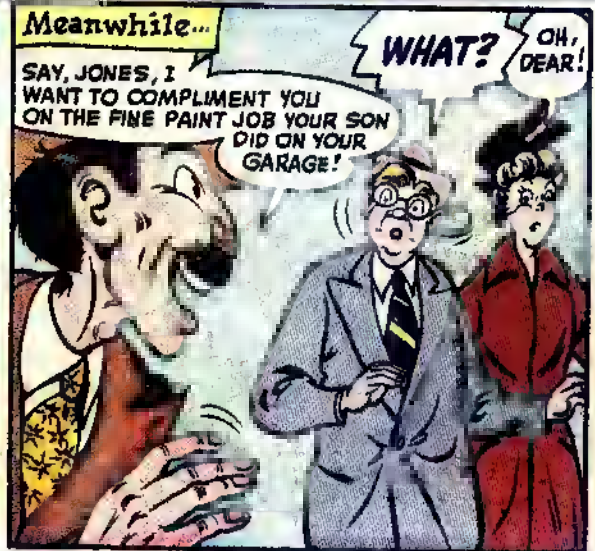
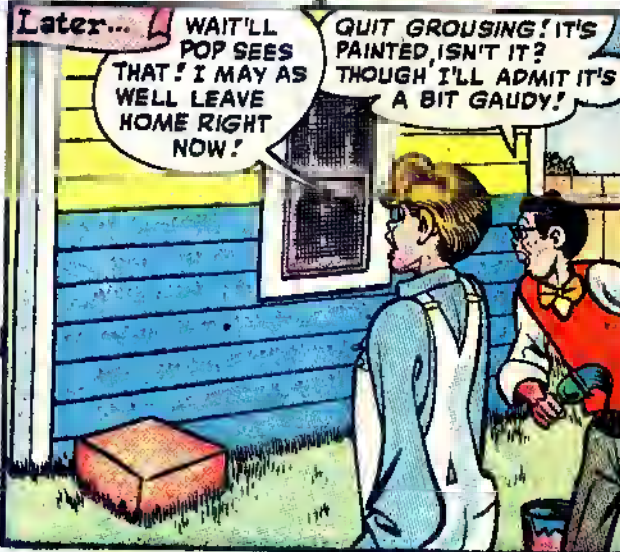
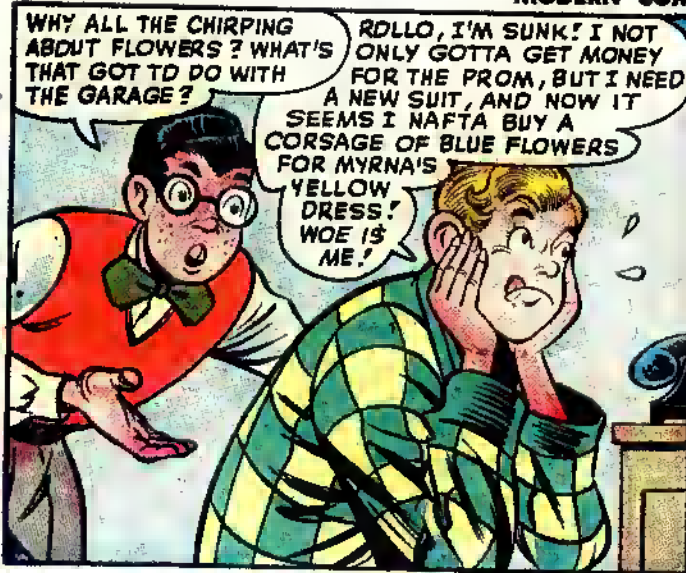


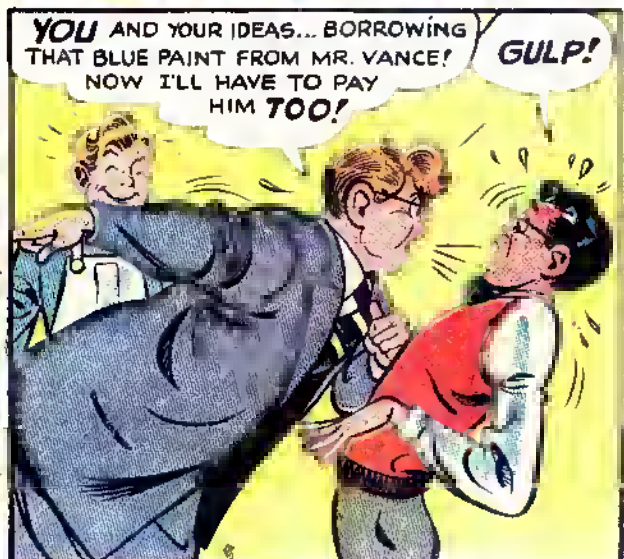
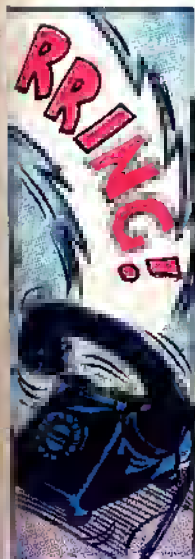
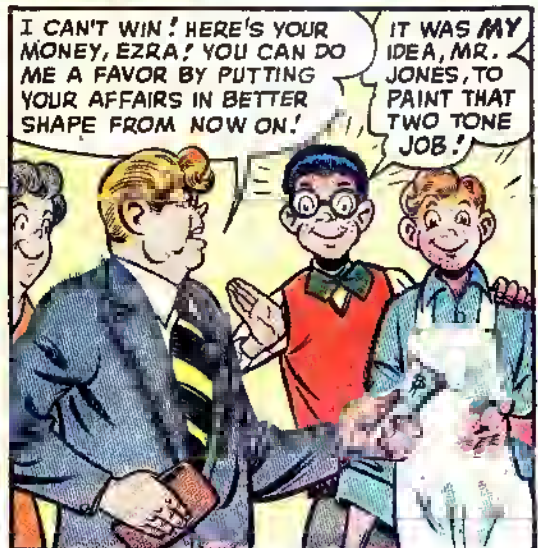
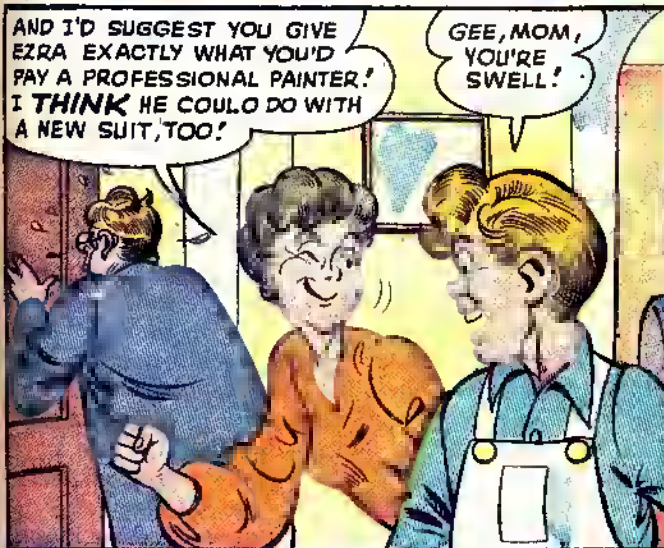
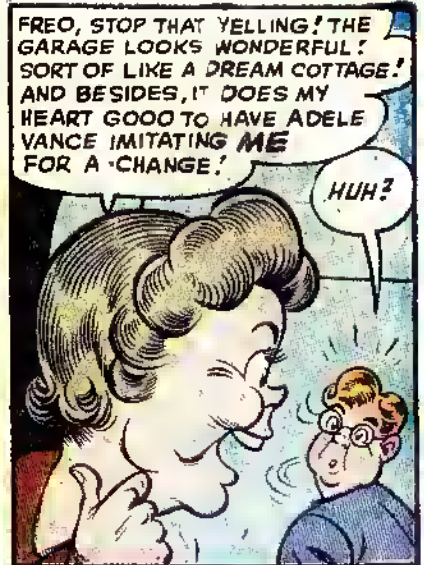
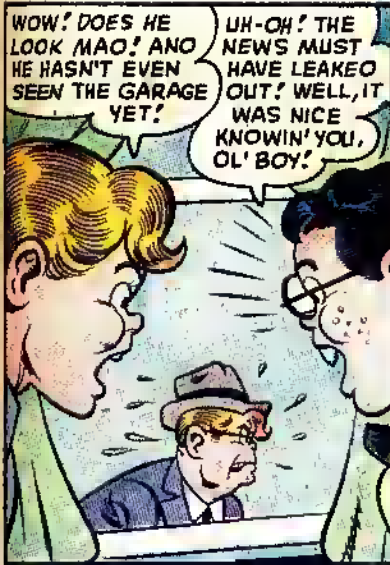












THUNDERBIRD

THE storm hit during the late afternoon. It began as an ordinary storm, but in less than two hours everybody in the area, even the old-timers, knew that it was a storm of unusual proportions.

The thunder was even at first, but gradually it became a steady drum-roll, a rumble that shook dishes from shelves. During that first two hours of the terrific downpour the thunder grew until it was an ear-splitting roar without cessation.

The unprecedented violence of it broke windows, cracked water and gas mains, split buildings. In two or three instances structures toppled into ruins.

Before the radio towers collapsed in the doomed city, a radio announcer kept up a rapid-fire description of the damage being done by the storm. When the radio towers went down, there was silence, and the "outside" wondered what was happening to the city of Northfield.

Within three and a half hours, Northfield and several outlying suburbs had become virtual ruins, with almost every brick and stone building a shambles. The death toll was frightful. Fire broke out from leaky gas mains and shorted electric current. There was no water with which to fight them, no telephone or telegraph.

While weather men and scientists pondered the cause of such unheard of devastation, a tiny man with a huge head and bulbous eyes scanned the controls of a speedy plane flying 30,000 feet above the city of Northfield.

The man was Clatus Oglath, a midget. But if his body was small and misshapen, his mind was a morass of enormous hatred. A clever scientist, Oglath had early begun hating the world of men in which he was compelled to live. Being a midget scarcely three feet tall, he found living in the world of normal people a constant and irritating problem. They walked over him, bumped into him, and in general gave him a bad time.

So Clatus Oglath had developed a hatred for what he termed "giants," that amounted to an obsession. This obsession led him to a world where he and other midgets could live in comfort and peace—a world of small buildings and small people. But first he would have to destroy modern civilization.

Oglath had gone to work on his theory and

found that he could eliminate the initial part of his problem by a simple process, that of creating thunder so loud that it wrecked buildings and wrought havoc such as had just been recorded in Northfield.

Now he sailed high above the city whose desolation he had brought about, and felt immense pride in his evil accomplishment.

"That's the first one," he said to his copilot. "We'll fly on to Fairfield and do the same thing. Storms. Mighty storms. That's our weapon! That's how we'll recreate the world to conform to our own proportions!"

Fairfield fell in ruins much more quickly than the time required to wreck Northfield. Fairfield was older, had more old-fashioned brick buildings.

Scientists were now agog all over the world. No one had ever heard of such a powerful force. No explanation was yet even remotely possible.

It was then that the Blackhawks were called by radio to trace the cause, if they could.

Blackhawk Island, far out in a wide expanse of sea, was all activity after the call came.

"Sounds like they were up in the air," said Blackhawk, glancing over the radiogram brought to him by Chuck, the American radio operator.

"Eet ees the strangest theeng, Blackhawk," said Andre, the dapper Frenchman, in his slurred English. "I heard some of thees thunder over Chuck's radio while the message came in. She ees the mos' violent thunder I evair heard, oui!"

"Stan," said Blackhawk to Stanislaus, the Balkan scientist of the group, "what do you make of this thunder business, thunder that knocks down cities?"

"I'd say it must be mighty heavy thunder," replied the Balkan. "Other than that I have no answer. Going to investigate?"

"Got to," Blackhawk turned to Dutch Hendrickson, once of Amsterdam. "Everything ready with the plane?"

"Ja," replied the Dutchman. "All ready."

"Then let's be off," said Blackhawk. "We can't start too soon."

As Blackhawk's specially designed plane sped into the dark skies, Clatus Oglath was again busy on the mainland. This time his ship flew over Hadley, a city with a population of more than a hundred thousand. Again a violent thun-

MODERN COMICS

der storm occurred. Buildings began to topple. Residents fled into the streets, only to be knocked down or buried under falling debris.

Pandemonium reigned. Speedily the whole city collapsed in a heap of rubble.

The Army was called out. There was little the soldiers could do, other than help the stricken survivors drag their injured fellows from heaps of ruins.

Meanwhile, Oglath's plane flew on, bringing disaster to a dozen or more cities. He crossed the entire continent, laying waste cities wherever he chose.

No one had an inkling that a man was the cause of this chaos. Oglath wanted only one thing: the ruination of every city in the country. Of every city in the world, for that matter.

It was probably the weirdest mission ever, man started on. And probably the most fiendish.

By the time Oglath had reached the Atlantic seaboard, and was turning around to retrace his course and cut another "swath" of destruction, the big airplane with Blackhawk and his crew was soaring over the wreckage of Northfield. Through special instruments Blackhawk scanned the desolation below him, filmed it, and showed the pictures to his crew by means of portable projector and screen.

"This is the worst thing we ever ran into," he told his men. "And we may have trouble hunting down the rat responsible for it—provided it's a man. Does anyone have an idea yet on the subject?"

No one did.

Chuck, the American radio operator, said, "If it's a man, he must be some crackpot, chief. Couldn't be anyone in his right mind. But how's he working this thing?"

"Here's a theory I've just worked out to answer that question, Chuck," replied Blackhawk. "He has found a way to increase the electrical charges used by Nature in creating thunder.

"You mean," exclaimed Chuck, "that he's actually made thunder do what he wants it to do?"

"Possibly," said Blackhawk. "And it's up to us to stop him!"

A few hours later, stealthy fingers of radar, emanating from Blackhawk's plane, found the plane of Oglath and clung to it grimly. Blackhawk held to the tail of the master killer, until the two ships were only a few miles apart.

"He's using radar, too," said the big Blackhawk leader, "but he refuses to give us identification. We may have something here, but we don't want the pilot of this unidentified plane to know we're on his trail."

Olaf, the Scandinavian engineer, spoke up, asking, "Vat are ve going to do ven ve come up to him?"

"Oui," said Andre. "That sees what I'd like to know."

Blackhawk scratched his jaw. "It has me a bit puzzled. But we'll think of something."

Chuck, at the radio, picked up a continuous stream of dreadful reports emanating from cities falling under the impact of ruinous thunder. He also picked up messages from the inter-com system of the plane they were following. It was convincing evidence that someone in the strange plane was directly responsible for the havoc they had seen below.

"We've got to hurry," said Blackhawk, "before the whole country is a shambles."

Stanislaus, the scientist, made marks on a pad and nodded. But there was only one way he could see to stop the madman in the mystery ship. That was to shoot him down. But how? The Blackhawk's plane was a transport, not a war plane.

"I've got an idea," Blackhawk told him. "It will give me a chance to prove the efficiency, if any, of my ignition distorter."

Blackhawk grinned. "If what I have in mind works," he said, "we'll rush in when they are hurling out their thunder force. You see what I mean, Stan?"

Stanislaus said he did.

Shortly thereafter, Chuck signalled that the other plane was again preparing to attack a city. Blackhawk immediately stepped up the speed of the transport. They closed the gap rapidly and when they were scarcely a mile apart, Blackhawk turned on his ignition distorter, a stream of electrons aimed directly at the enemy plane's engines.

Watching through powerful glasses, they saw Oglath's plane nose over and go into a spin.

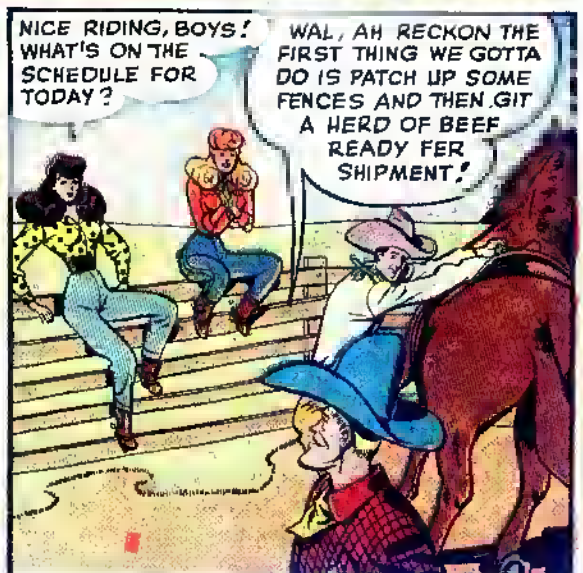
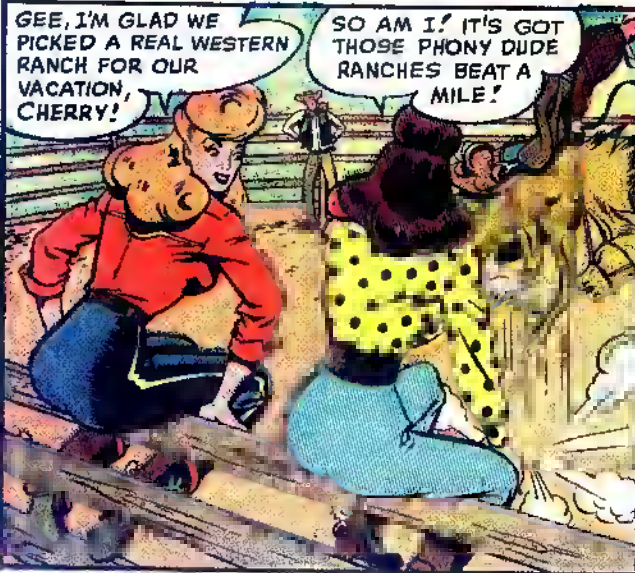
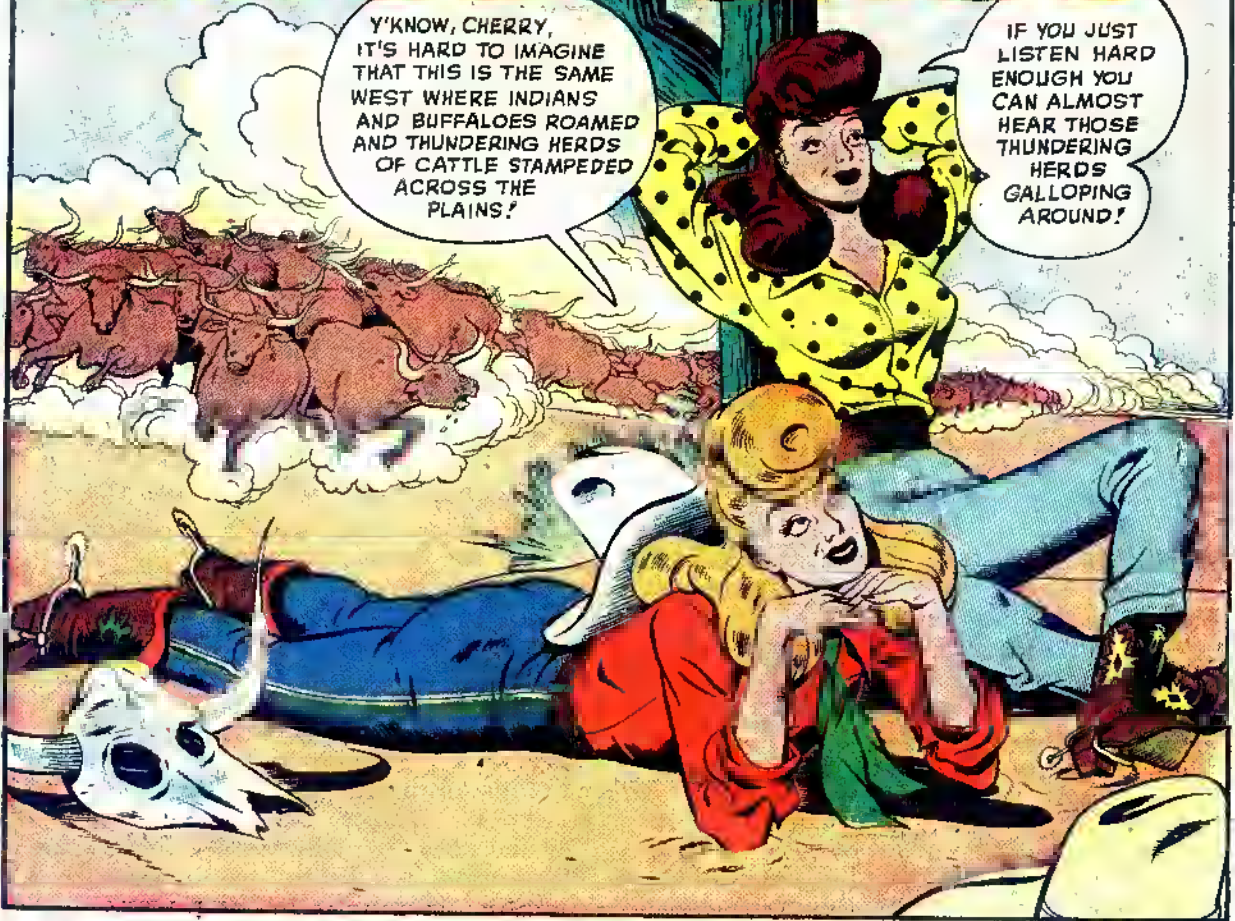
"It worked!" yelled Chuck. "They're finished!"

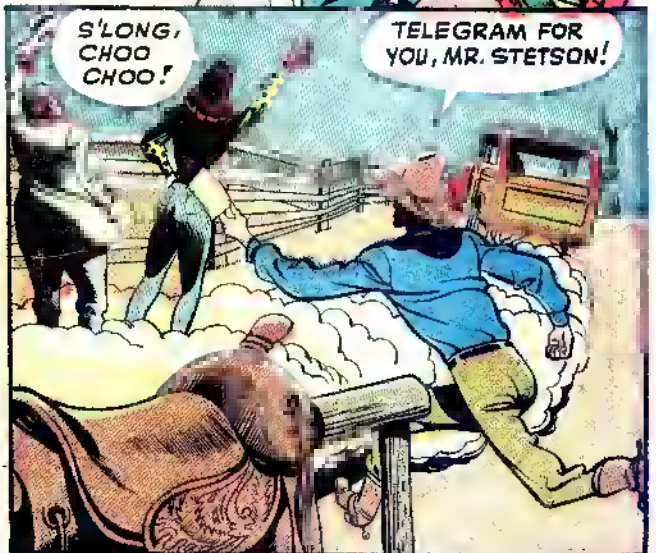
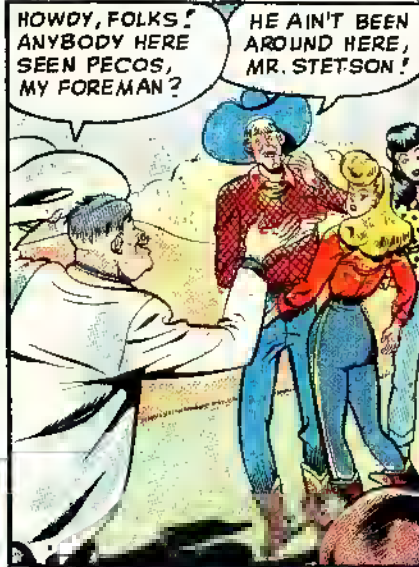
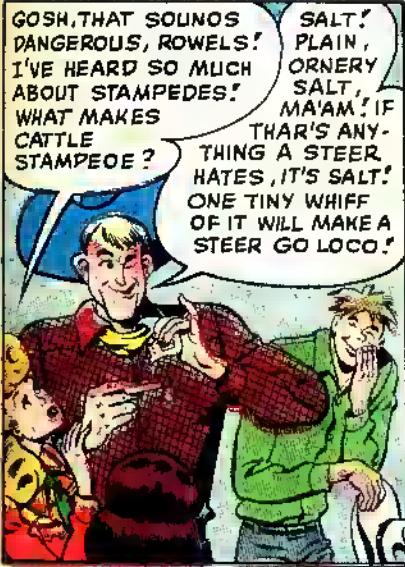
"The spin won't be entirely responsible," Blackhawk said. "Their plane will really be doomed when they hit that thunder mass they created a moment ago."

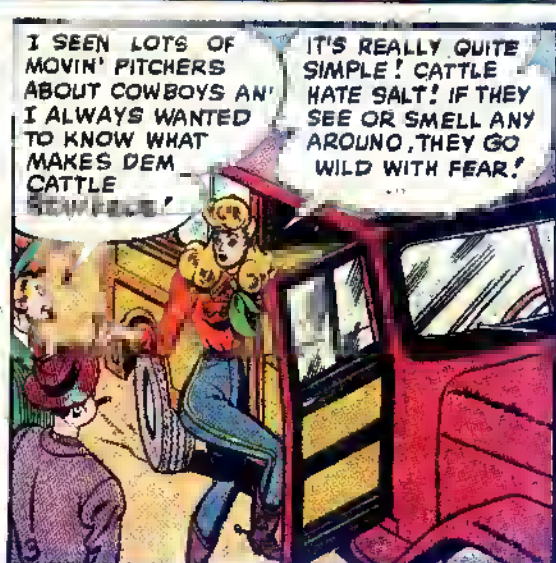
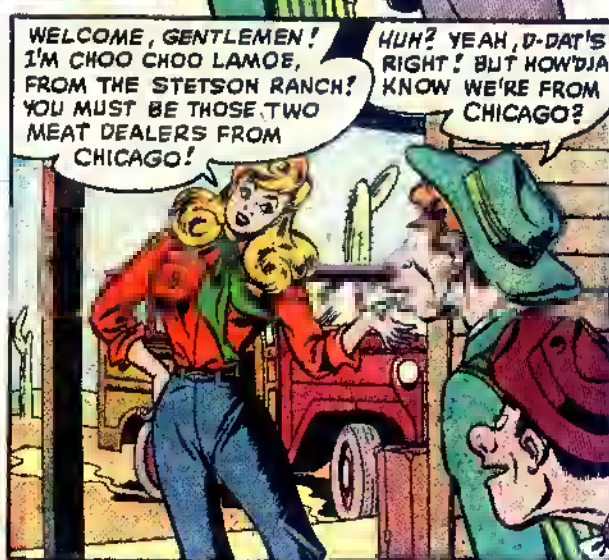
He was right. The next moment they saw the enemy ship disappear in a dense black cloud. Then there was a mighty explosion and mile-long streamers of flame shot from the cloud.

"Yes," said Blackhawk quietly, watching the death of Oglath, the arch fiend, "it was the thunder that did it more than my distorter. But who cares, so long as an enemy of mankind meets his just fate? We'll land and check with the government officials. Then—back to Blackhawk Island."

CHOO CHOO







AREN'T YOU COMING WITH ME?
I CAN TAKE YOU TO THE RANGE
AND THEN DROP YOU OFF AT THE
RANCHHOUSE!

NO THANKS,
LADY! WE'LL MOSEY
AROUND TOWN A
WHILE AND THEN HEAD
FOR THE RANGE LATER!
WE'LL BE SEEIN'
YA!

DIDJA HEAR
DAT, LEFTY?
SALT MAKES
'EM GO NUTS!
DAT SOLVES
DA WHOLE
PROBLEM!

C'MON, LET'S
LOAD UP ON DA
STUFF AND WATCH
DEM CATTLE CUT
A RUG!

WID ALL DIS SALT
DEM COWS IS
GONNA MAKE A
NON-STOP FROM
HERE TO BROAD-
WAY!

HOP INTO DA
CHARIOT, LEFTY!
I BORROWED
IT FROM SOME
RUBE WHEN HIS
BACK WUZZ
TOINEO!

GENERAL
ST

In the meantime...

GOSH, I'M SORRY YOU
HAD TO MAKE THAT TRIP
FOR NOTHIN'! WE GOT A
TELEGRAM FROM THE
DEALERS SAYING THEY
HAD TO CANCEL THE
TRIP!

WH...? T-TELEGRAM?
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG,
MR. STETSON! THEY WERE
WAITING AT THE STATION
WHEN I GOT THERE!

WELL, I'LL BE
HORNSWOGGLED!
HERE'S THE
TELEGRAM
THEY SENT!

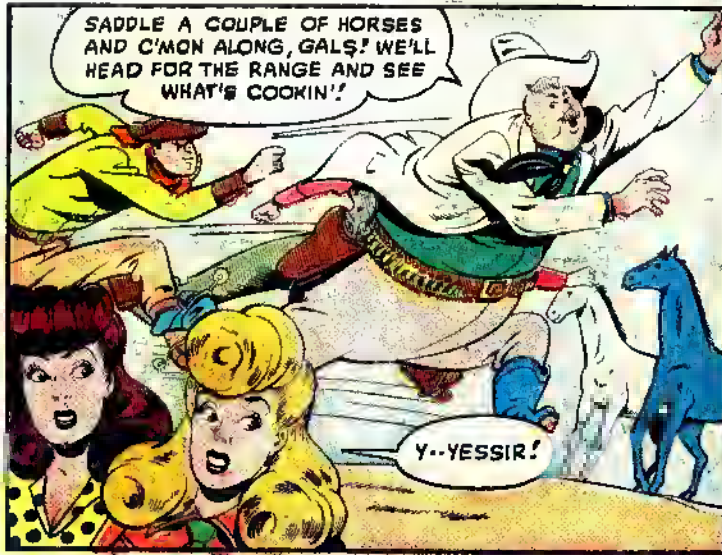
OH, IT MUST BE
A MISTAKE! WE
TALKEO FOR A
WHILE AND THEN THEY
DECIDED TO INSPECT
THE CATTLE BY
THEMSELVES!

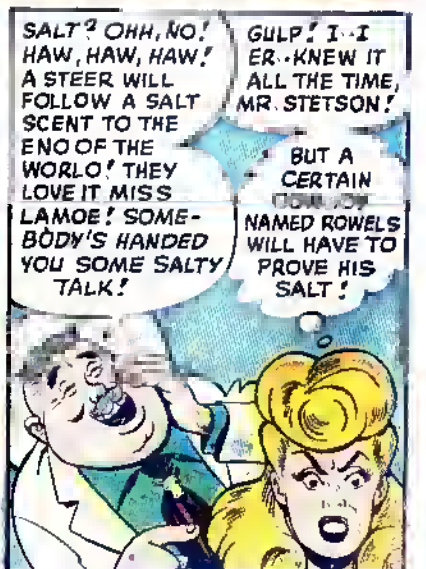
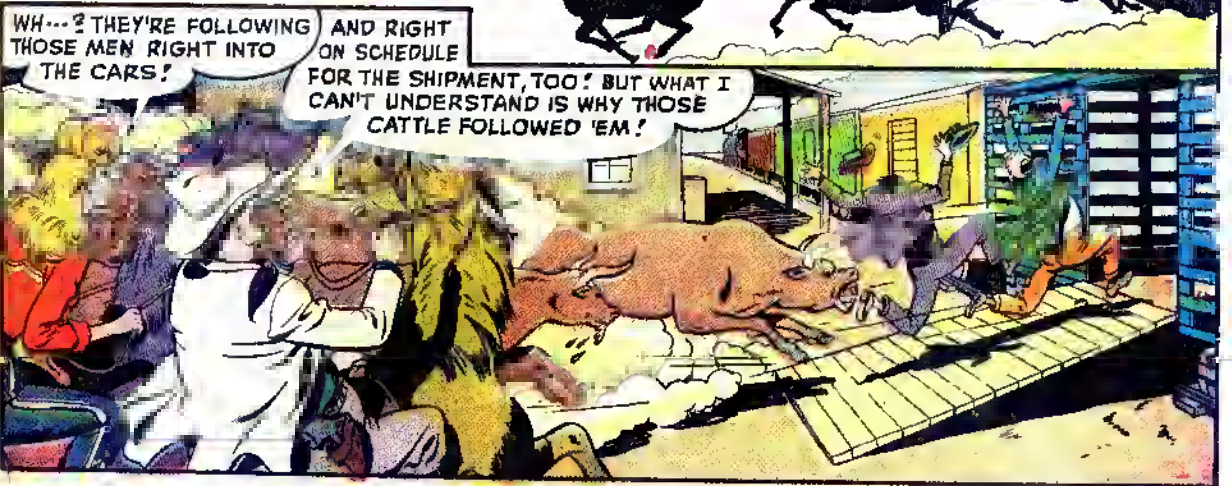
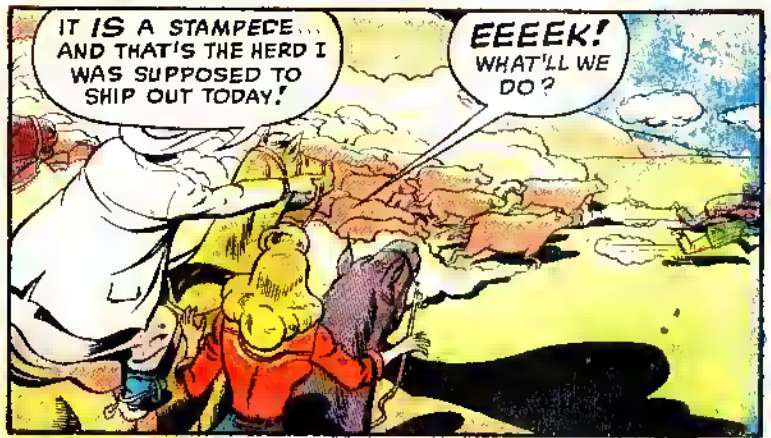
SOMETHING'S
MIGHTY FISHY!
WHAT DID THEY
LOOK LIKE,
MISS CHOD
CHOO?

WELL, ONE WAS SHORT AND THE
OTHER TALL! THEY BOTH
SMOKED CIGARS AND TALKED
THROUGH THE SIDE OF
THE MOUTH!

UHP!

SOMETHING IS
WRONG! THE MEN I
DEAL WITH ARE BOTH
SHORT AND STOUT,
AND NEVER TOUCH
TOBACCP!





AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



*Sturdy
Steel
Construction*

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$3.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



famous
Simplex PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER

Only \$3.98
Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

*It's Fast!
It's Easy!
It's Efficient!
It's Accurate!*

PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...

...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

Yes, it's back again... but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer you at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$3.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jilly Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

Hey Kids!... like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-129

YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU

Make Money With Your Own

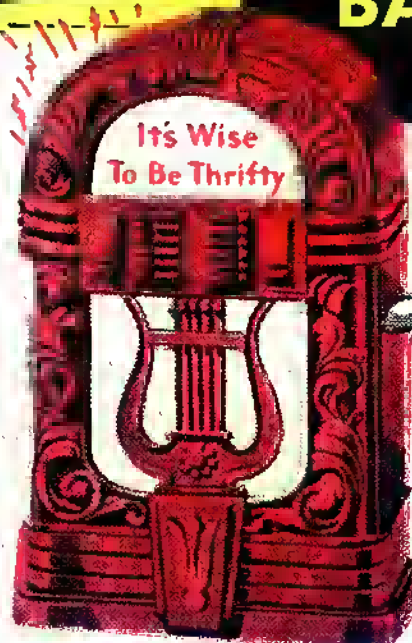
A Real Money-Maker
For You... Because

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.

**JUKE BOX
BANK**



\$1.98
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!

JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES.

It's Wise to Be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-70

NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1949, ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC CO., 85 Front St., Halyake, Mass.

BOYS
Play
FOOT-
BALL
Rain
or
Shine

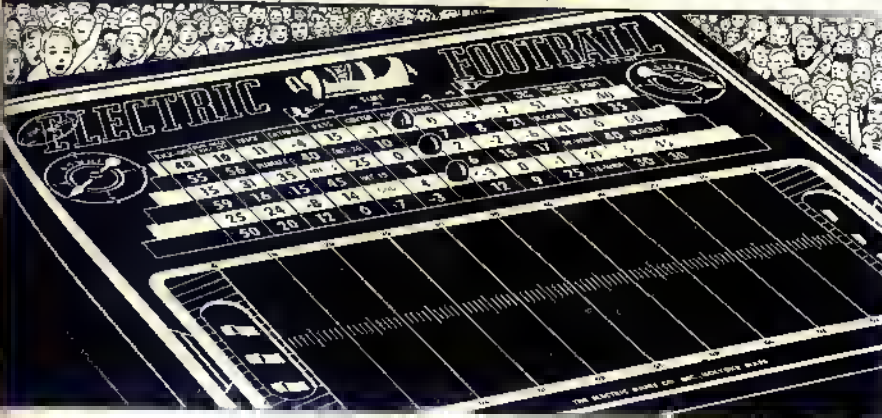
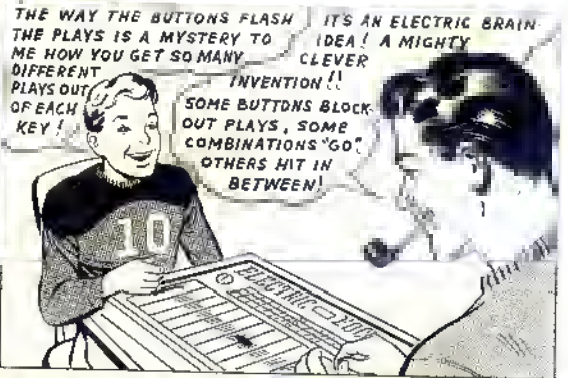
NO MORE PRACTICE TODAY—
GROUND TOO WET!
CLEATS RUIN THE
FIELD!

OKAY, COACH,
C'MON, FELLERS!
WE CAN PLAY
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL
INDOORS!

BEATS
SKULL
PRACTICE
ANYDAY!

GEE, FRED, THOSE
ELECTRIC
KEYS AND
LIGHTS ARE
KEEN!

WAIT 'TIL YOU
SEE HOW IT
REALLY PLAYS!



GET SET for Breath-taking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, one-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—10 outmaneuver, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price, \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



Hi BOYS!
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one hundred of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderous pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps it clean and shiny.
The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.
Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

ELECTRIC GAMES
ARE TOPS
FOR THRILLS

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE RUSH TODAY

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
85 Front St., Halyake, Mass.

Amount
Enclosed

- ☐ Electric Football \$2.50
 - ☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00
 - ☐ Electric Bowling \$2.50
 - ☐ Electric Marble \$1.00
 - ☐ Super El Football \$10.00
 - ☐ C.O.D. \$1 deposit. Postman collects balance.
 - ☐ Full payment with order — no collection.
- ALL GAMES POSTPAID

Name

Street

City

State

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE SECRET
SUPERSONIC PLANE"



AT THE ARMY AIR FIELD, U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB USE THEIR SPECIAL PASSES TO SEE THE NEW SECRET SUPERSONIC PLANE. SUDDENLY...



LOOK! FIRE IN THE HANGAR!



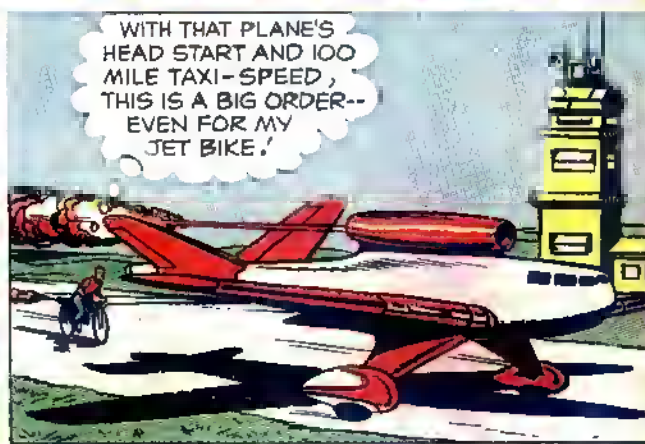
THOSE TWO FELLOWS RUNNING TOWARD THE PLANE--I DON'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS!

MAYBE THEY STARTED THE FIRE TO GET THE GUARD AWAY FROM THE PLANE!



LOOK, ROYAL, THEY'RE MAKING OFF WITH THE PLANE!

THEY WON'T GET FAR IF I CAN HELP IT... MEANWHILE, YOU FELLAS NOTIFY THE F. B. I.



WITH THAT PLANE'S HEAD START AND 100 MILE TAXI-SPEED, THIS IS A BIG ORDER--EVEN FOR MY JET BIKE!



JUST AS THE POWERFUL PLANE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE GROUND, U.S. JAMS THE PLANE'S ELEVATORS, PREVENTS THE TAKE-OFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF THESE FELLOWS HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH THE ARMY'S SECRET PLANE... THE F. B. I. CAN THANK YOU BOYS FOR SEEING THAT THEY DIDN'T.

AND WE CAN THANK OUR U. S. ROYALS FOR REAL BIKE SPEED WITH SAFETY...



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL. INSIST ON U. S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, FOR REAL CONTROL AT TOP SPEED.



"FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY, IT'S THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN FOR ME"... SAYS U. S. ROYAL

U. S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, GIVE YOU TOP PERFORMANCE AND PERFECT CONTROL. NO WONDER U. S. IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE!

U. S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science